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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THE RISE OF THE POUND

THE recent rise of the pound sterling in the face of the critical situation in Europe has been something of a mystery to the uninitiated. According to the London *Outlook*, this mystery exists for only those 'who know nothing whatever about business and finance.'

The steady improvement in the American Exchange has been due to the collective team-work of the best brains in the City of London. The City of London knows more about foreign trade, shipping, and international finance than New York, and it faced and conquered the post-war financial crisis with cool pluck and a determination to pull through and reassert its supremacy. When the pound fell to 3.20 the City went to work. Industrial disturbances on the one side and an extravagant Government on the other made a difficult task sometimes look hopeless, but these things were rightly recognized as functional and not organic diseases of the body economic and politic. The pulse of England is the American exchange, and the City is very sensitive to the slightest variation. It realized quickly that America is a spending nation, and had great sums to spend; and the broad results of the sound financial policy of the City are now obvious. Early in 1920 the patient's condition seemed critical, but he has long since been out of danger, and is now on the high road to full recovery. These are the fundamental facts of the situation.

The *New Statesman* reaches substantially the same conclusion by another route:—

The recent rise has in one important respect been different from the rise which took place a year ago. In the last three months of 1921 the dollar exchange increased from \$3.80 to \$4.20 owing to the fall of prices in this country. In other words, the pound appreciated through the continuance of deflation in Great Britain, while the purchasing power of the dollar remained practically constant. During 1922, on the other hand, the level of prices in Great Britain has remained remarkably steady, while prices in the United States have increased by more than 15 per cent. The recent improvement in the exchange is therefore due to depreciation of the dollar rather than to appreciation of the pound.

The financial authority who contributed this article to the *New Statesman* anticipates that the movement may go considerably further than is at present indicated, on account of America's uncertain and possibly unwise currency policy. It advocates, therefore, dissociating the pound sterling from its close connection with the dollar by a general international agreement. Otherwise England is in danger of being swept along with the new tide of inflation that is beginning to manifest itself in the United States, only to be plunged two or three years from now into an-

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other more acute period of depression and unemployment.

All the evidence points to a further period of inflation in America, to be followed sooner or later by a renewed depression. One of the weaknesses of the American banking system is that the expansion of credit and currency is limited only by a statutory minimum of gold reserves; the proportion of gold to total liabilities, including notes and deposits, may not fall below 40 per cent. At the peak of the boom in 1920 this minimum was very nearly reached; but since that time, owing partly to the drastic measures taken by the Federal Reserve Board and partly to the huge import of gold, amounting to nearly 50 per cent of the total stocks held in 1920, the ratio of reserves has increased to over 75 per cent. This situation is exceedingly prejudicial to future stability. Unless special action is taken, the wave of renewed inflation which has already started in the United States may conceivably surpass that which took place during the post-war boom; in other words, the general level of prices in America, which stood at 141 in June 1921, and is now about 160, might rise again to the high level of 250 reached in May 1920.

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PLAIN TALK IN PARLIAMENT

IMMEDIATELY after the new Parliament assembled in Great Britain, the English press — with the exception of the outright Labor organs — contained columns of excited reprobation of the unseemly conduct of a new Labor Party member, guilty of an unprecedented breach of parliamentary courtesy. He charged that Mr. Asquith was championing, from improper motives, a law designed to benefit pecuniarily a member of his family. But the *New Witness* — the spiciest and possibly the most influential Catholic weekly in Great Britain — ranges itself with the Labor Party on this issue.

The braver and more bitter Labor agitator has at last discovered what is really to be said against our rulers and our system

of rule, instead of saying half a hundred silly things which those rulers themselves have really taught him to say. The revolutionist is not now content, for instance, with vastly ennobling and extending the pedigree of a peer by telling him he is descended from robber-barons. The last pork-butcher who has married the daughter of a pawnbroker, and managed to purchase a coronet, will no longer be paralyzed with wonder and delight at being told that his Norman blood shall not save him from the just fury of the people. Again, the Socialist is no longer content with paying Capitalism the fulsome compliment of supposing it to be as wide as the world and as old as the human race. He has discovered at last, what we discovered at first, that the moral problem of Parliament is something much more practical and personal.

To charge the ordinary politician with feudalism, or even with Capitalism, is rather like wasting time in rebuking a card-sharper for the regal insignia and antiquated heraldry of a pack of cards. Secondly, it shows that a few of the Labor men at least are ready for this more realistic protest; especially those coming from the industrial belt about Glasgow. If ever there is a real proletarian revolt in England, we rather doubt whether it will be English. It will come first from the Clyde. It will come from the valley which still boils and simmers with much stronger and headier traditions — the slowly dying Calvinism of the Scotch, the insurgent Catholicism of the Irish.

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RESTLESS SOUTHEASTERN EUROPE

It would be a task as endless as confusing merely to record the rumors and reports that fill the European press with regard to conditions in the States that lie between Vienna, the Black Sea, and the Ægean.

Hungary is reported to be coquetting with Rumania, in spite of the presumably implacable hatred she cherishes for that country on account of the loss of Transylvania and the alleged oppression of the Hungarians who have been transferred to Rumanian rule.

Some weeks ago, when a war between Turkey and England seemed imminent, and Soviet troops were reported to be concentrating on Rumania's Bessarabian frontier, influential statesmen in Hungary considered the moment opportune to approach Rumania with offers of aid. Nothing resulted, partly because England and Turkey settled their dispute without a resort to arms. At this time it was even proposed to unite Hungary and Rumania by a personal union, Hungary accepting the King of Rumania as its own sovereign, and thereby receiving as its monarch a scion of the Hohenzollern family in place of the former Hapsburg. Both countries fear the Slavs, who surround them on three sides.

Meanwhile, relations between Yugoslavia and Italy seem most unexpectedly to have grown better since the Fascisti seized the government at Rome. Mussolini has been, next to D'Annunzio, the most ardent champion of Italian rights on the Adriatic. But the collapse of Greece and the approaching occupation of Eastern Thrace by the Turks have directed the attention of the South Slavs to Macedonia and Saloniki, where they have just acquired port rights, through a treaty with Greece, for which they have long been striving. It is suggested that the Serbs have had Italy's support in these negotiations — for Italy loves Greece no better than she does her South Slav neighbors — in return for concessions on the Adriatic.

Mussolini's tactics toward Yugoslavia seem not to have been free from what we are wont to call Machiavellian finesse. He is said to be favoring Serb ambition at the expense of the interests of the Croats and Slovenes, endeavoring thus to widen the rift that already exists between the old Serb kingdom and the former Austro-Hungarian provinces added to it after the war. How-

ever, the late cabinet crisis in Yugoslavia, and the sudden willingness of the Croats to coöperate cordially with the Central Government, indicate that Mussolini's design — if such a design there was — is likely to be defeated.

While this diplomatic horse-trading is preoccupying the attention of government leaders in Southeastern Europe, whole communities are being uprooted and destroyed a little farther to the eastward. According to the *London Statist*, the number of Armenians in Asia Minor has been reduced from over 3,000,000, according to Lord Curzon's figures, to 130,000. The Turks dispute the former estimate, claiming it should be about 1,500,000, but even this would indicate that each 150 of the former Armenian population has been reduced to thirteen. In Constantinople itself, there are about an equal number of Armenians — that is, 130,000 — and between 350,000 and 400,000 Greeks. The Turkish Government is willing to allow only those Greeks who were born in Constantinople to remain. Their number is estimated at about 200,000. These figures do not, of course, include the Greeks in Eastern Thrace.

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THE LAST TROOPS LEAVE

THE *Dublin Weekly Freeman* characterizes the departure of the last detachment of the British army from South Ireland as the end of an epoch, the last incident of seven centuries of Irish history. And it takes the occasion to read a lesson to those who would deny that the present government represents the will of the country.

Can the propagandists explain away the evacuation? Can they deny that the Army of the people holds Ireland to-day for the Irish people? Would Tone and Emmet and Mitchel have deemed this a light thing? These patriots failed, through no fault of

their own, to do what the Treaty has done. And they would have hailed its makers as men who have worthily upheld their traditions, and translated into fact their cherished dreams. The roll of English drums in Dublin streets on Sunday signalized the end of an epoch. A subject race, dragooned by force for centuries, has shaken off the last of its shackles. To-day Ireland stands a free nation among free nations.

Liberty has its duties as well as its privileges. No longer can we shift responsibility for failure upon the shoulders of outsiders. Our fate is in our own hands to make or mar. The world will assess the justice of our claim to liberty by our ability to make it, not the monopoly of the few, but a right common to all Irishmen.

The *Outlook* asks why the people of Dublin cheered the departing British troops. Some say it was because they were glad to bid the British garrisons 'Godspeed' and be rid of them; others adopt the more sentimental explanation that the people cheered out of a spirit of chivalry and because they liked Tommy Atkins personally. The *Outlook* editor thinks that even the most patriotic Irishmen felt a pang of regret at seeing the British troops leave them just at present. 'Their cheers were an expression of an undisciplined state of mind, which vaguely wanted to have the best of both worlds.'

While Great Britain is thus casting off the last hawser from the Irish Free State, Ulster shows a disposition to claim equal freedom to go her own course. The Treaty gives the South an army and financial autonomy. Ulster does not enjoy these privileges. We now hear a leading Orange leader and an Ulster M. P. calling upon his fellow countrymen to refuse to pay Imperial taxes, as the North American colonies refused to do before the Revolution. In fact Ulster does not actually contribute to the Imperial revenues at present, the amount raised in this connection being almost exactly bal-

anced by various contributions from the British Treasury. However, the spirit of criticism is there. An Irish correspondent, of Pro-British sympathies, writes:—

Belfast, strange as it may seem, is jealous of Southern Ireland, and particularly of Dublin; its loudly expressed determination to 'stay out' of anything Southern is an endeavor to disguise this unfortunate psychology; and I verily believe that if we in the South were to commence an agitation against any possible inclusion of 'Ulster' in the Free State, we should witness the beginning in Belfast of a desire for Irish Union!

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THE COLORED COMRADE AT MOSCOW

THE Moscow Bolshevik daily, *Izvestia*, welcomes the presence of negro delegates from America at the Congress of the Third International last November as 'the beginning of a great historical movement.' The awakening of the yellow people of Asia 'is one of the greatest dangers to international capitalism,' but 'the throne of the bourgeoisie will be even more undermined if the black race joins the liberation movement of the international proletariat.'

While the black race is not as numerous as the yellow, numbering about 200,000,000 people, a large fraction of it occupies territories in common with the whites, and, whether under the Stars and Stripes, the Union Jack, or the Tricolor, is used as an instrument of capital 'for reducing white workmen's wages and for quenching the strikes of the white proletariat.'

Consequently, according to this journal, the dissemination of Bolshevik doctrine through the ranks of black labor will open a new channel by which to undermine the capitalist system. Already Communist organizers and agitators are working actively in Tunis, Algiers, and elsewhere. The

negroes at Moscow 'are the first swallows which will be followed by others. Unfortunately, they were representatives of the negroes of America; there were no delegates from African tribes.' Still, *Izvestia* cherishes the hope that through the American negroes Communist propaganda may spread to darkest Africa.

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CHINESE POLITICS

THE Shanghai *Weekly Review* deplores the impeachment and arbitrary ejection from office — for such seems to have been the procedure — of Premier Wang Chung-hui and his colleague, Wellington Koo. It attributes this achievement to the old guard of militarists and says the incident marks a sad day for China. It means that the old reactionary corruption is still in control. No one can put trust in a government ruled by military cliques and conspiring bureaucrats, eager to sacrifice China's national interests for private gain.

Wang Chung-hui undoubtedly showed promise of becoming the best premier the Republic has had. He is honest, conscientious. He represented to foreigners an earnest of a better day. He was an inspiration to the younger generation. Wellington Koo has fought China's most serious international battles both at Paris and Washington. In the eyes of foreigners, he represents modern China — he personates China's struggle for economic and political independence. His elevation to Cabinet rank indicated that the old days were over and that a more competent officialdom had been inaugurated in Peking. Both these men have been educated abroad, both are distinguished scholars, both have served China faithfully. Everyone who labors for China in this transitional period is likely to be guilty of errors of judgment, but it can be said of Wang Chung-hui and Wellington Koo that their errors have never been of motive. They always tried to do the right thing.

REFUGEES IN ATHENS

REVEREND W. A. WIGRAM, Chaplain to the British Legation at Athens, describes in the London *Times* of December 14 the work among the refugees from Asia Minor who have crowded into that city. One Turkish woman rather oddly turned up among the Greeks and Armenians, and when offered passage back to Smyrna 'sat down again firmly on the patch of sacking that was her house and home and declared, "Nothing on earth shall induce me to go back to that hell again."'

The Chaplain has a good word for the Armenians: —

One curious fact may be noticed. It is a general experience that when a refugee shows signs of self-help and energy there is a strong probability that he or she is an Armenian. They work well, they take no more help than they are obliged to; they have even organized themselves. Just outside Athens is a village of Armenian refugees, who turned to and made mud bricks in the autumn sun, while others sat and said, 'Our hope is in Heaven and in you.' As a result, these people have now houses, even a school, of their own building, a well of their own sinking, even a mayor of their own electing. His lordship, we understand, rules them for their good with a rod of iron, having had experience in the management of men before. He was a brigand by trade when at home, and the fact is at least proof of his possessing initiative and enterprise.

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BELGIUM'S LANGUAGE CONFLICT

NATIONAL divisions are growing more acute in Belgium. The Flemish-speaking provinces, already insurgent against the French-speaking Brussels Government before the war, and encouraged in this attitude during the German occupation, are more insistent upon their rights than ever. Parliament recently refused to erect a Flemish

University at Antwerp. But the Minister of Education, apparently without the endorsement of all of his colleagues, submitted a bill to Parliament, providing that 'at the University of Ghent instruction shall be given in Flemish; it shall be given in French and Flemish in the schools of Civil Engineering, Arts, and Manufactures.'

This bill was adopted by a vote of eighty-nine against eighty-five, with seven abstentions — figures suggesting the equal division of sentiment over a question that, if we are to credit newspaper headlines, has aroused passions that have brought the people to the verge of violence.

The neutral and Protestant *Journal de Genève* regards the action of the Belgian Parliament as a 'regrettable setback to Latin culture,' likely to accentuate 'discords of race, language, and even of religion' in that country. It will be recalled that the Flemings are strongly clerical.

MINOR NOTES

SOME uneasiness is manifested in Great Britain and on the continent over the disposition exhibited by South American countries, especially Argentina and Brazil, to encourage manufacturing industries. The London *Statist* observes that such a policy should not be considered 'for at least the lifetime of two generations.' Even our own country comes in for a mild rebuke in this connection: —

Manufacturing industries have been stimulated to an extraordinary extent by Government action in the United States. We have never in this journal altogether approved of the policy adopted in that matter; but we recognize that our views may be to some extent colored by the fact that our own country lives almost exclusively by manufacturing goods and by rendering various kinds of services. The impression

one obtains in the United States is that the general conditions are not such as to justify the strenuous efforts which have been made during the past generation to build up the enormous industrial activity which one sees in the great cities. When it is borne in mind that the ancient population of the United States has practically been exterminated within a period of three hundred years, and a completely new and relatively small population built up in its stead, there are elements that are not reassuring in the situation. These questions are exceedingly pertinent to consider at the present time because they affect our own colonies at an early period of their development, and the policy which will be adopted in the near future will have either a favorable or a disastrous influence upon those colonies.

DR. NANSSEN's economic expert in the Ukraine, Mr. Jean de Lubersac, reports that coal-mining in the Donetz district has been prosecuted with such energy by the Soviet representatives that output has completely outstripped transportation facilities, with the result that more than a million tons of anthracite and six hundred thousand tons of soft coal have accumulated at the pit heads.

ACCORDING to an article upon Chinese finances in the *Weekly Review* of Shanghai, China's national debt now amounts to \$1,906,000,000, or roughly \$5 per capita of China's 400,000,000 people. Much of this debt is either unsecured or improperly secured, and a large part of it is either in actual or technical default. These figures, moreover, do not include unpaid claims against the Chinese Government for losses incurred by foreigners and natives during the civil wars and disorders of the past few years. The Standard Oil Company, the tobacco companies, and other great firms have enormous claims against the Government under this head.

IRELAND IN THE TRENCHES

BY 'OBSERVER'

From the *Spectator*, November 25, December 2-9
(LONDON CONSERVATIVE WEEKLY)

WHEN the mail-boat left Holyhead the waters of the harbor were sparkling under the rays of a glorious sun. When it neared the coast of Ireland the aspect of the sky had changed, and we seemed to be running into the teeth of a violent storm. Dense masses of cloud, black and angry against the western sky, hung motionless over the Wicklow mountains, the beautiful headland of Howth was wrapped in impenetrable gloom, through which the Baily light gleamed fitfully, while low on the horizon over Dublin the setting sun drew a blood-red bar. The scene was ominously symbolic, as though Nature had displayed a gigantic and wonderfully beautiful sky-sign to warn those who should venture into that lovely land of what they would find there.

Yet, at first sight, little enough seems changed as the result of all the storm and stress of the last six years. Kingstown is now officially known as Dun Laoghaire (pronounced Dunleary), but for the rest nothing is altered. One is rattled up to Dublin in the same ramshackle train, disgorged at the same depressing terminus, and carried to one's hotel in the same broken-down four-wheeled cab decorated with a thick coating of yesterday's mud. Nor, so far as the superficial aspect of the city and its life is concerned, does a longer experience do much to modify this first impression of sameness. People go about their business or their pleasures as usual; the tram service is regular; Grafton Street is thronged at the fashionable shopping hours; race meet-

ings still draw crowds; and golfers still golf, undeterred by the fact that they have occasionally had to use the bunkers as cover from the bullets of irresponsible patriots.

Nor is the outward aspect of the city of Dublin much altered. Here and there are blackened ruins—notably the Custom House and the Four Courts, pitiful relics of what were once gems of eighteenth-century classical architecture. But the heart and centre of the city are untouched, and in College Green the only sign of change is that the famous statue of William of Orange has been degraded to the uses of a bill-posting station.

A walk through the city, however, reveals further signs of a revolution accomplished and of another revolution still in progress. There is a pillar-box at the end of Dawson Street which deserves the attention of students of affairs—it is, of course, typical of many. One of the first administrative acts of the Provisional Government was to reform the postal service by covering 'England's cruel red' with a decent coating of the national green. Pillar-boxes and postal vans were accordingly repainted; the royal monogram was coated over, and the initials S.E., *Saorstát Éireann*, substituted.

Characteristically, however, this job has not been thoroughly done. The curious may still observe here and there a red letter-box, or a royal mail van, blazing with scarlet and the ensigns of the Crown, trundling undisturbed through the streets. But the

Dawson Street pillar-box has a peculiar interest; for over the green and gold of the Free State some enthusiast has painted in staring white letters the legend, 'Up the Republic!' and no one has taken the trouble to remove it. The pillar-box thus stands as a perfect symbol of the present political situation in Ireland.

Similar staring graffiti decorate many of the walls of public buildings in Dublin, though most of them can only be studied as palimpsests, the Government having, generally speaking, taken the trouble to have them painted over — often very inefficiently. They are the nocturnal work of the Republican 'wild women,' recently discouraged by means of a fire-hose. One alone deserves particular mention, as characteristic of the peculiarly macabre quality of Irish Republican wit. On the walls of Glasnevin cemetery was written, 'Move up one, and make room for Dick!' Dick is General Richard Mulcahy, commander-in-chief of the 'National Army.'

In Ireland it is not safe to despise such playful threats, and among the first impressions which I gained on landing was that of the intensely aggressive activity of the Republicans, as revealed in the headlines of the first Irish newspaper I bought. The mere repetition of these headlines, culled from the front page of the *Evening Telegraph*, a Sinn Fein paper supporting the Free State, will probably come as a revelation to English readers, whose newspapers seem to have entered on a conspiracy of silence as to happenings in Ireland.

Here, then, is the record for a single day: 'Daring Raids on Dublin Post Offices'; 'Railway Lines Cut'; 'Another Wild Night at Dundalk'; 'Ardee's Ordeal — Night Attack on the Barracks — Bombs and Mines — Terrorizing Experience of Residents'; 'Sal-

lins Fight — One National Soldier Killed'; 'Signal Cabin Raid — Attackers Driven Off by Troops'; 'Youthful Raiders — Lads Armed with Revolvers Hold Up Shop'; 'Troops Fired At — Incidents in Drumcondra and Dorset Street'; 'City Raids'; 'Attack on General Mulcahy's Residence — One Man Shot'; 'Shots in Thurles District'; 'Troops Frustrate Attack on Cork.' The Dublin papers during the next few days added richly to this record; but, since we are here concerned with first impressions, the above may suffice.

There were signs enough in the Dublin streets from time to time that the superficially peaceful aspect of the city was largely illusion. The vision of two lorries full of 'National' soldiers with rifles ready for action, followed by an armored car, charging up Dawson Street, was reminiscent of the days before the Truce. They halted before a highly respectable motor-garage, posted sentries, and disappeared inside, doubtless in search of Republican wickedness. The wise do not allow their curiosity to tempt them to linger watching; for on these occasions bombs and bullets are apt to fly round, and it is usually the innocent bystander who is hit.

Signs of a restless military activity, indeed, became more insistent as time went on. Soldiers patrol the streets after dark with cries of 'Hold them up!' and, when you have obediently held them up, search your person for arms. Safe at home after these excitements you fall asleep, night after night, to the sound of more or less distant bomb explosions and rifle fire. The visitor, lodged in an hotel or club in the centre of the city, is safe enough. But no private house, especially in the suburbs, is exempt from the possibility, and even the probability, of raids by bands of armed men, who appear suddenly at dead of night, demand admit-

tance in the name of one or other of the contending factions, and, under pretext of searching for arms, strip their victims of all their valuables. And, as will be further explained on a later occasion, the terror is added to by the fact that no one can be sure that these outrages are not, on occasion, the work of those who are officially the guardians of the law.

I use the word 'terror' advisedly; for it soon became clear to me that Dublin is living under a reign of terror. One can gather evidence of what is happening from trustworthy witnesses; not one of them would dare to allow his name to be used publicly as a guarantee of good faith. Men instinctively lower their voices when they talk politics, and often they are reluctant to express any opinion at all. I asked a workingman, an ex-soldier, what the people he comes in contact with think of it all. 'Sure, sir,' he said, 'they're afraid to say what they think.' I talked with a high dignitary of the Protestant Church. He deplored the ignorance and the apathy in England about Ireland, but said he could do nothing in the matter. To write anonymously, he said, was useless, and 'no one who intends to go on living in Ireland could tell the truth above his own signature.'

So much for a first impression of Dublin; and Dublin is the seat of Government. The Metropolitan Police, the royal crown glittering over the badge on their helmets, are still there, presumably to maintain law and order; the Dublin Guards form the finest and most trustworthy section of the National Army. In Dublin, then, in spite of all alarms and excursions, there still lingers a certain sense of security, though with limits that will presently be described. Elsewhere, in wide districts of the South and West, all sense of security has vanished, and the only law that prevails is that of the gun.

Ten years ago or so the visitor to Dublin was apt to be entertained with tales of the departed glories of the city. Twenty years earlier, he was told, it had been the centre of a gay and cultivated social life. The noble Georgian houses in Merrion Square, FitzWilliam Square, or St. Stephen's Green — for the most part already given over to convents, Jesuit seminaries, doctors, and dentists — had still been occupied by noblemen, country gentlemen or leading members of the Bar, and a genial and generous hospitality had still been the order of the day. By 1914 social life was no longer centred in Dublin; it had been scattered among the villas which dotted the lovely countryside from the Hill of Howth to Killiney; but hospitality was still as kindly and as lavish as ever, and, above all, the old cheerful optimism characteristic of Irishmen still prevailed. If one drew a long face at the condition of Ireland, wondering how people could keep so cheerful a countenance when the country seemed on the very verge of civil war, the smiling comment would be: 'If you had lived in Ireland all your life, you would be accustomed to these excursions and alarms and take them for what they are worth.'

All this is now utterly changed. The old superficial gayety which once charmed in Irish life is gone, and the general atmosphere in town and countryside is one of almost unrelieved gloom. Nor is the prevailing pessimism confined to people of particular classes or political opinions.

There is, of course, no public confession of disillusionment. A public opinion, indeed, in the sense in which the term is used in Britain, there is not in Ireland; for public opinion is the product of free and open discussion, which in this land of explosive violence is perilous, if not impossible. Popular support, which is another thing, is apt

to veer round suddenly to the side which — whatever the hidden sources of its power — seems likely to gain the upper hand. And so, at the present time, open criticism of the powers that be, or of the powers that may be tomorrow, is generally felt to be unhealthy, and the all but universal attitude is one of discreet support for the Free State Government, tempered by discreet politeness to the Republican enthusiasts who prowl round it with revolvers.

In private, men express their opinions more freely, and their opinions seem to be in singular agreement — namely, that Ireland is just hell, a hell that is daily getting hotter, and from which there is no visible outlet. In those regions, principally of the South and West, where anarchy and terror are unchecked, I am told on good authority that all those who still have anything to lose, whether gentry, tradesmen, or peasants, are praying for the return of the British Army. Lifelong Nationalists will confess — of course in confidence — they would never have attacked the Union had they known to what its overthrow would lead.

'No man's house or cottage is now his castle,' said a Catholic gentleman from County Tipperary to me the other day. Those who are brave enough, or obstinate enough, still to live in lonely country-houses are lucky if they escape with the necessity of harboring bands of verminous ruffians, who, at the point of the revolver, demand bed and board in the name of the Republic. 'It is not the inconvenience and the cost,' said one sufferer to me, 'it is the utter humiliation of it that hurts.'

But these banditti too often have objects beyond board and bed. Even in Dublin and its suburbs no house is safe from invasion by bands of armed

and masked men, sometimes in uniform, who demand admittance in the name of the I.R.A., on pretext of searching for arms, and carry off every portable article of value. The home of an acquaintance of my own, recently married, was thus raided a week or two ago. He himself was pinioned and held, covered by revolvers, while his young wife was taken into a dark room and her arm twisted to make her tell where money and jewelry were hidden. Other women, as is too well known, have been less fortunate in similar circumstances. As for the general situation in Dublin, the following extract from a leading article in the *Irish Times* of November 21 may suffice to illustrate it: —

Apart from the accidents of warfare — the ambush, the stray bullet, the furiously driven lorry — the streets of Dublin are safe for nobody after nightfall. Highway robbery is rife. Shopkeepers are at the mercy of armed plunderers. Even in the broad light of day business men and their clerks are forced to 'stand and deliver.'

A cartoon in the *Irish World* represents the Government of the Free State — or 'Freak State,' as it prefers to call this — as a rabbit, which a John-Bull-headed snake is fascinating with a view to making a meal of it. This diagram reveals at a glance the substance of the case of the 'Republicans' against the Free State, and incidentally explains the policy of violence by which they seek to effect its overthrow. The Republican case, put briefly, is that the treaty was a betrayal of the cause for which the 'war' with England was fought, and that the Government to be established under the new constitution will be but a piece of elaborate camouflage intended to disguise the process of reconstructing the shattered edifice of British supremacy. As the *Workers' Republic* put it: 'Collins, the careerist and adventurer, had deserted the Republic

for the service and rewards of the Sinn Fein section and British imperialists, now allied together.' The Republican policy, after the breakdown of the negotiations for an accommodation, has been simply to continue the war from the point when it was broken off by the truce, to carry it on by precisely the same methods, and so, if not to defeat, at least to discredit the Free State Government by placing it conspicuously in exactly the same position as that occupied by the 'British' Government before the truce. How far has this policy been successful?

It may at once be said that, so far as the Free State Government can be said to be discredited, this is not the work of Mr. De Valera and his henchmen, save in so far as their activities have made the difficult task of administrative reconstruction trebly difficult. The Irish people, beyond the shadow of a doubt, are sick of bloodshed, sick of the senseless destruction of property, sick of the irresponsible ravings of political maniacs, and they see in the consolidation of the Free State Government the only hope of salvation. But the Government is far from being consolidated, and for this, much of the blame must be cast on the Irish people themselves. It is not only that the attitude of the mass towards the activities of the Republican guerrilla bands is that of a flock of sheep towards the activities of a pack of wolves. The general demoralization, as General Mulcahy pointed out in the Dail on September 27, takes more active forms than mere cowardice — in short, people reputed respectable share in the plunder: 'everybody minds his business and people take their little bit when it comes their way.' I am told that in certain districts, where the commander of the National forces happens to be a man of character and energy, conditions are better, and that the

local people have taken a hand in restoring and maintaining order. But these cases are exceptional. In general, the Government can rely only on the resources which it can organize from the centre, and the chief advantage which it has over its predecessor in the 'Castle' is that it is at least not faced with a hostile popular sentiment. Its most conspicuous disadvantages are that it has been short of funds and that in the task of restoring order it has had no such trained and disciplined forces at command.

For the rest, its situation at the beginning of December seemed to be much the same as that in which the 'British' Administration found itself before the truce. Thus far the Republican manoeuvres have been successful. Sinn Fein propaganda, two years ago, sought to discredit the rule of Sir Hamar Greenwood and his 'satellites' by advertising them abroad as immured in the Castle — now converted into a fortress surrounded by barbed-wire entanglements and bristling with guns — whence they attempted to subdue Ireland by a series of brutal, but ineffective, sallies. The Free State Government, doubtless for reasons of politic sentiment, does not occupy the Castle, in spite of the obvious convenience of its spacious offices. It has established itself in the noble group of buildings formed by the new Royal College of Science, Leinster House, the Museum, the National Library and the National Gallery. But it is none the less immured. In the College, which is the actual seat of Government, scientific laboratories have been turned into bedrooms for Ministers who dare not venture abroad. The Museum, the Library and the Gallery have been closed lest they should become the bases of a Republican assault, and the College and Leinster House, where the Dail sits, have been turned into a for-

tress, surrounded by barbed wire and bristling with guns. Into this stronghold it is as difficult to obtain access as formerly into the castle.

Piecemeal, too, the new Government, in its necessary work of repression, has been forced to adopt all the policies and expedients which were denounced in the old: raids for arms, wholesale imprisonment without trial, allowing hunger-strikers 'if they would not take their food to take the consequences,' martial law, and the death penalty for the unauthorized carrying of arms. In short, the Government now is faced by exactly the same problem as that which faced the Castle Government before the truce, and it is dealing with it in precisely the same way. No other way was, or is, possible.

In this activity, however, the Free State Government has one great advantage over its predecessor; it is that of the poacher turned gamekeeper. The Ministers and the members of the Dail know well the exact value of its opponents' shrieks of 'bloodthirsty tyranny.' When from the gallery of the Dail the 'wild women' denounced the ill-treatment of the untried prisoners and the 'bloody suppression' of those whom desperation had driven to revolt, Mr. O'Higgins, the Minister for Home Affairs, quietly remarked: 'We know all about that. We have been in prison ourselves. We used to get up riots and, when they were suppressed, got the ladies outside to write them up for propaganda purposes.' There is a refreshing candor about this statement, which was greeted with approving laughter by the other ex-prisoners turned legislators.

It is time, however, to say something about the essential character of the new Government, and of the light in which it is regarded by those who had most to fear from its revolutionary activities. The general impression that I have

gained is that, under the firm and sensible guidance of President Cosgrave, the Government has been making an honest effort to conciliate all opinions and to be fair to all interests. It is hampered, of course, by the war-cries of the past, and one may criticize the policy of trying to force the difficult and all but obsolete Gaelic language on a people nine tenths of whom cannot speak a word of it. This and other such conceits, however, which flourished mainly as an expression of nationalism in revolt, will probably evaporate noiselessly if and when Ireland settles down in an atmosphere of content. Apart from these attempts to redeem past pledges, the Government is showing a wise determination to prove that the interests of threatened minorities are safe under its power—so far as this power extends. It has, for instance, been studiously fair, and even generous so far as its limited resources allowed, to Trinity College, and I find a general disposition among former Unionists to recognize this attitude.

The moderation and good will of President Cosgrave and his Ministers are reflected in the debates of the Parliament. Certain sections of the British public may be disconcerted by the conscientious efforts of Ministers to conciliate Republican sentiment by explaining that the oath binds them only to acknowledge the Crown as the symbol 'of the Commonwealth of Nations formerly known as the British Empire,' and that it does not bind them to faithfulness to 'the King as an individual.' On the whole, however, in studying the official reports of the debates I have been struck by the businesslike tones, the spirit of mutual toleration, and the lack of mere sound and fury with which they have been conducted.

This satisfactory atmosphere has, doubtless, been largely due to the with-

drawal of the Republican stalwarts, who included in their ranks all the most notable windbags. But this is not the only explanation; for enough antagonistic elements remain to have caused endless trouble had the temper of the assembly as a whole been different. Of the four 'Unionist' members for Dublin University all that need be said is that they have taken a conspicuous share in the debates, and that it is greatly to the credit of the Dail that they have not only been listened to with patience, but that their suggestions have been in some cases adopted — notably that for the representation of the Universities in the Lower House. More serious might have been the trouble caused by such deputies as Mr. Tom Johnson, secretary of the formidable Transport Workers' Union, and Mr. Cathal O'Shannon, editor of its official organ, *The Voice of Labor*. But, though they have watched jealously over the interests of Labor, I

find no evidence of any factious attempts to embarrass the Government, and their criticisms seem to me to have been on occasion sound. As for the representatives of the great principle, 'to the victors the spoils!' one incident vividly illustrates the attitude of the Dail towards them. In the debate of September 27 Mr. Frank MacGuinness urged that the new well-paid posts of District Magistrates should not be made 'a lawyers' preserve,' but should be reserved for 'men who did good service for the last four or five years for the nation.' 'When we go down to Longford or another county,' he said, 'and see the old County Court Judge sitting there, the old Crown Solicitor taking his place, the old Clerk of the Crown and Peace in his robes, the same old County Sheriff, the same old County Coroner; what were we fighting for?' 'Jobs,' promptly shouted another deputy; and the protest evaporated in laughter.

THE EARTH

BY RICHARD ALDINGTON

[*To-Day*]

COME, thrust your hands in the warm earth
 And feel her strength through all your veins,
 Breathe her full odors, taste her mirth
 That laughs away imagined pains.
 Touch here life's very womb, but know
 This substance makes your grave also.

Shrink not; your flesh is no more sweet
 Than flowers which daily blow and die;
 Nor are your mien and dress so neat;
 Nor half so pure your lucid eye.
 And yet — by flowers and earth I swear
 You're neat and pure and sweet and fair.

WHY WE OCCUPY THE RUHR

BY RAYMOND POINCARÉ

[We print below the significant paragraphs of the speech delivered in the Chamber on December 16 by the Premier, during the debate upon Reparations.]

From *Le Temps*, December 17
(PARIS SEMIOFFICIAL OPPORTUNIST DAILY)

You will recall that the Reparations Commission went to Berlin some weeks ago. It has not obtained anything. On November 13, Wirth's Cabinet sent the Commission a note which the new Chancellor, Cuno, has accepted as his own. It may be summarized in very few words: We can do nothing until we have placed our currency on a stable footing; to stabilize our currency we must have a reduction or — as they say by way of euphemism — a revision and a definite statement of the amount that we owe. We demand that we be freed for a period of three or four years from all deliveries in kind and all payments of money for which we are at present held. We will make an exception for the devastated regions, subject to one condition: that we shall not be called upon to pay more than we can raise by ordinary taxes and internal loans — which means practically nothing. Finally, we demand the calling of an international financial conference to ascertain what sum is necessary to put Europe and Germany on their feet — that is to say, how much banking credit can be placed at the disposal of Germany.

This was what Germany told us on November 13. We were therefore faced with the question of revising, or, in other words, of overturning and abolishing the scheme of payments agreed upon in May 1921. We were asked to grant a moratorium of three or four

years. In return Germany did not promise to carry out a single one of the reforms that the Reparations Commission asked her for: to stop padding her government expenses, to collect all the taxes due her from her citizens, and to correct the inaccuracies in the statistics showing her foreign-trade balance.

The first condition laid down by Germany was that her debts should be scaled down to some definite figure. This is a favorite proposal with many financiers on both sides of the Atlantic. But this places France in a most unhappy situation. By the end of this year she will have advanced one hundred billion francs against her bill on Germany, and she has collected scarcely anything on that bill. It will be impossible for her to continue this policy longer, without receiving substantial payments.

Furthermore, during the long course of the war France incurred heavy debts in the common cause, toward America and toward England. These debts have not been paid. I cannot tell you their exact amount, but they are approximately the equivalent of thirteen billion gold marks due the United States, and ten billion gold marks due England. On the other hand, Belgium, Russia, Serbia, Rumania, and other Allied countries owe us five or six billion marks. In the aggregate, England is the creditor of France, Italy, and other countries to the amount of

twenty-three billion marks, and the United States is the creditor of Europe to the extent of forty-one billion marks. If we add together all the sums due the various creditor nations of Europe, we find they total about seventy-two billion gold marks.

Are we justified in making any comparison between this war debt and the debt of Germany to the Allies? Certainly they have nothing in common. Our war debts were contracted by certain Allies toward other Allies, in order to win our common victory. They represent purchases of arms, ammunition, war materials, and food for troops who fought shoulder to shoulder. They represent practically the whole cost of the war, a collective cost. When the Allies were thus assisting each other, they were all in a critical situation. They might hope — they had the right to hope — that the day would come when these war costs that they thus shared among themselves would be shifted to the shoulders of vanquished Germany.

But what happened when we signed the Peace Treaty? [The Premier read paragraphs 231 and 232 of that treaty.] You see the victorious nations renounced their claim against Germany for the total amount of their losses and expenses — speaking generally, for the cost of the war. They limited themselves to claiming merely compensation for injury done to private persons and property. What does that mean? It means that these injuries to persons and property constitute in the minds of the Allies a claim taking priority to war expenses. Well, then, are these war costs, which it was agreed stood second to Reparations, and which were not demanded of Germany, to be collected by the Allies from each other even before Germany has paid a cent? In other words, are friends to be treated worse than the enemies of yesterday?

That would certainly seem to be the strangest and most intolerable injustice.

So, gentlemen, we have always said to our creditor Allies: 'We have no intention of disputing our debt. We recognize that debt. But in neither justice nor fact can we pay that debt until we have received what Germany owes us.'

However, we have not wished to stop with a mere negative declaration. As early as last June and July I informed the two Chambers that we were ready to transfer to England and the United States in payment of our debts a corresponding share of what Germany owes us, in the form of such German obligations as the Reparations Commission may later authorize. . . .

Coming to the question of rehabilitating Germany's finances, the neutral experts that the German Government recently consulted are in full agreement with the Reparations Commission. The Chamber will recall that these experts divided into two groups — some presented findings more indulgent for Germany, others presented findings more severe. The first group consisted of Messrs. Brandt, Cassel, Jenks, and Keynes. The second was composed of Messrs. Wissering, Dubois, and Kamenka. But both groups were equally emphatic as to the need of a serious effort by Germany to better her condition.

The first experts said: The stabilization of the mark must be brought about in the first instance by the efforts of Germany herself and with her own resources, through the vigorous action of her Government. Germany should have her own policy of reconstruction. Such a policy may involve certain risks, but it is the only path to pursue.

The other experts said: It is necessary to enforce the strictest economy in public expenditures, to reduce the number of employees in government

offices and government services, and gradually to abolish direct or indirect subventions for keeping down the cost of food.

It is perfectly evident that without these reforms and without the organization of some instrument of control, any attempt to stabilize the mark will be illusory. It will be more harmful than beneficial, and will precipitate the formidable crisis that now threatens Germany. This control ought to be exercised by the Reparations Commission and the Committee upon Guaranties. It goes without saying that this Commission and this Committee would not take the place of the German administrative authorities. They would not assume any responsibility that they should not assume. But they should have powers of investigation that would enable them to unmask trickery and prevent fraud; and the right to veto lavish and wasteful appropriations and new issues of paper money.

Coming to the next point, gentlemen, the Germans demanded a new moratorium. What should our reply be to this?

In this case, likewise, it is well to review a little recent history. The fact is that ever since January, 1922, Germany has been enjoying a moratorium. She has not been paying, as we know to our sorrow, what she should pay under the London agreement. On March 21, the Reparations Commission concluded that Germany ought to pay this year seven hundred and twenty million marks in gold, and one billion, four hundred and fifty million marks in goods, or a total of two billion, one hundred and seventy million gold marks.

Of the seven hundred and twenty million gold marks only four hundred and fifty millions have been paid, and the two hundred and seventy million which should have been paid beginning

August 15 have been converted, as you know, into six months' notes.

The deliveries in kind were to be divided this way: nine hundred and fifty millions for France and five hundred millions for the other Allies. Unhappily, they are far from reaching this figure.

That is where we stand at the close of 1922. . . .

Well, then, finding ourselves faced with this prospect of a total or partial failure in the payments due us, we have stated to Parliament and to the country: If Germany will not pay up, the Treaty of Versailles affords us a remedy. Article 248 gives the Allies a priority claim against all the property and resources of the German Empire and the German States. Is this article to remain a dead letter?

Certainly not. Its meaning is very clear. All the national wealth of Germany, and all the wealth of the Federal States that compose the Commonwealth, can be seized by the creditors of the Commonwealth. I know quite well that the English word does not correspond exactly with the French word. In English the Treaty reads 'a first charge,' and not 'a mortgage.' But France has taken the position that the French text shall be decisive, and, so far as I am concerned, I shall stick to the French text. Furthermore, international law as well as civil law recognizes the elementary principle that all the property of a debtor is everywhere and under all conditions security for the creditor.

France is not seeking, and has not sought, and will never seek remedies primarily military. She does not design to punish Germany or impose punitive sanctions. She simply wishes her money in the full measure that it can be collected . . . and believes that she should lay hands upon German property where that property really is. . . .

IN AUGUST

BY R. C. E.

[*Cambridge Review*]

WHEN she leant back and smiled at me
 A reason in her eyes I found,
 Why Helen's smile sent ships to sea,
 And why Leander drowned.

AS THE POTTER TURNS HIS WHEEL

BY E. KUSKOVA

From *Sovremennya Zapiski*, September

(PARIS RUSSIAN NON-BOLSHEVIST LITERARY AND POLITICAL REVIEW)

AN anecdote has it that one morning a novice Red Guard, posted at the door of Lenin's bedroom, saw that it was time to awaken the Chief but was in a deep perplexity as to how to address him. Fifteen minutes before seven he began to rehearse different titles, whispering:

'Get up, your Excellency! — no, that certainly won't do. Mister Lenin? . . . No. Your nobility? . . . No! How can he be "Your nobility" if he says he is a proletarian. Comrade! — the devil he is a comrade of mine! Your . . . Heavenly Father! It's seven o'clock.'

The fellow lost his head. He still could think of no suitable way to address Lenin; but it was time to knock

at the door and to address him in some way or other. Suddenly the words of the 'International' dawned upon the ready-made Communist, and he roared, faithful and enthusiastic:

'Arise, accursed, stigmatized! . . .

An anecdote like this used to supply a day's merriment for our whole cell.

The inmates of the Cheka prison are, without exception, utterly innocent of plotting either revolution or counter-revolution. They are the plainest, most ordinary kind of citizens, with no interest whatever in politics. The prison of 1921-1922 no longer holds anti-Bolshevik conspirators. Such movements are now ripening in regions inaccessible to the Cheka. But the Government mill must have something to grind, so

the Chekists keep busy throwing harmless citizens into jail.

The Bolshevik officials are becoming increasingly isolated from the community at large. The provincial Commissars, at least, begin to feel this in a very practical way. Their sources of private gain are vanishing. The people have been fleeced of every particle of wealth. They subsist by gardening and by keeping goats. In the little town of Kashin I saw people use tiny bedroom-lamps for working and studying because they could not afford the trifling charge for electricity. Peasants, on the other hand, keep their purse-strings very tight and, besides, they have learned to 'do away' in a seemingly casual but effective manner with obnoxious representatives of the Government.

So it has now ceased to be profitable to join the Communist Party, and obtain, as a reward, a Government position. Officials begin to desert their posts.

One day my husband and I were transferred to a small provincial prison. As soon as we presented ourselves at the registration desk, the warden began:

'Do you know what has happened? They deprived us prison employees of our rations!'

'Indeed! How are you going to live? At least you have your salaries.'

'Salary! Salary! What are you talking about. A devil of a lot of good my salary will do me, if for the price of a lemon to-day I won't be able to buy even a rotten lemon skin next month! Fancy that! Depriving the most necessary Government servants of their rations!'

'But the new economic system — the local taxes?'

'What — taxes! Am I going to knock my taxes out of those people with my gun? They are all so poor they'll soon be going naked.'

'Well . . . How are you going to live then?'

'We've got to think it over. . . . Or else we're down and out. . . . There's the family! The children!'

This was the first time I had heard such words of panic from a Bolshevik official — but I was to hear them very often later. The formerly succulent Bolshevik jobs are no longer so juicy as of old.

The Executive Committee in Kashin recently tried to go back to the old methods: it seized several well-to-do merchants and threw them into prison to force them to pay a ransom. But the Central Government speedily notified the unfortunate Executive Committee of Kashin that the methods of 1917 and 1918 were not to be used any longer; and taxes must be collected equally from the whole population. But the whole population were literally beggars. How can they be taxed? Not only the Bolshevik Central Government, but every local or coöperative board of superiors stands perplexed before this problem. Townships are unable to support themselves without outside help. And outside help has run dry.

At another prison — we were repeatedly transferred from one to another — a group of employees and guards surrounded us and one of them addressed my husband:

'Mr. Professor! What do you think about — where are we heading now?'

'What do you mean?'

'I mean — concerning, so-to-say, money. Impossible to live! Prices jump and dance — wiggle as you will, you'll not catch them to save your life. How shall we live?'

'Mr. Professor' explains carefully where we are headed: toward ruin and complete bankruptcy. They listen attentively and say not a word. A short time ago they would have grabbed him

by his collar and have beaten his 'bankruptcy' out of him. . . . Now — nothing of the sort. Something is stirring in their heads. Something torments them and poisons their peace. 'There is the family. . . . There are the children.' The gold rain from Moscow has ceased. The Great Russian Commune is no longer a profitable monopoly! Traders have the right to trade openly; speculators become Communists and vice versa; counter-revolutionaries are scarce — or perhaps everybody is at heart a counter-revolutionary. Naturally, they begin to scratch their heads and ask queer questions of their opponents.

Another embarrassed Cheka prison warden, upon entering our names in the book, asked:

'Are you not a professor?'

'I am.'

'Listen. . . . Could n't I study with you a little?'

'Study what?'

'Oh . . . Sciences of all kinds. . . . You see, I left the Scientific School before I finished the sixth grade. . . . I know nothing. . . . I'd like to study some. . . .'

'But you yourself have read to me the Government decree forbidding me to exercise my profession in prison. How shall I teach you, the prison warden? We should both be offenders against the law, and should both be punished.'

'Yes. . . . That's true.' And the fellow's face assumed a bewildered expression. I learned later that this official's career had been ruined because he did not keep up with the standards of the times. A Cheka comrade had reported on him for having kissed another man's wife, when they met on a bridge; alleging that he thereby excited 'the people's discontent.' The people's discontent is being taken into account these days; and the poor fel-

low was demoted to his present obscure little position. He offered his services to the local coöperative society, but was not wanted there. So he decided that it was time to improve his education.

I talked with another Cheka prison warden, at Vologda, whence we were ordered to be transported somewhere 'inside twenty-four hours.'

'How long will you keep driving us from place to place?' I asked this fellow, a red-cheeked, cheerful workman from a Petrograd factory.

'Comrade Kuskova! You are a "political," are n't you?'

'What if I am? Does this mean that we have to keep traveling all over Russia?'

'You won't travel much longer! Not much longer!' And he smiled sweetly.

'Will you kindly explain . . .'

'Genoa! Genoa! — This was in January 1922, at the time of preparations for the Genoa Conference.

'Well — are you going to draw a prize at Genoa?'

'A prize, comrade Kuskova — a prize! Don't you understand — they'll recognize us there! And then — everything will change. We'll give you freedom of press, of meetings, of strikes — everything! And you'll be all set free.'

'Suppose they will not recognize you?'

'What? What are you saying! That is all agreed upon. There is no use talking about it.'

'You're very confident, comrade. I rather think they'll not recognize.'

'Why not?'

'Because the Western imperialists do not like promises. If you were to introduce all these liberties before you went to Genoa — then perhaps they would talk recognition. But they won't trust you beforehand.'

'Impossible! They will have to! Neither we nor Europe can live without our being recognized.'

'Well, Europe, perhaps, but not you.'

Suddenly his smile disappeared. His gaze was lost in the distance. He sighed.

'Hard. . . . Yes, it's hard To keep turning the wheel. . . .'

But what is going on deep below? Oh — that is where a real sea of new ideas is in fermentation. The people's thoughts and musings wander aimlessly without beginning or end. Ideas now spring fearlessly from the confines of the peasant's mind: what he thinks, he says openly. But what a mixed and motley network of ideas it is!

Our guard was transporting us to Kashin. The train was overcrowded, and we were put into an 'official' car filled with Chekists, railway officials, Red soldiers, and private persons whom they admitted for extra pay into their more 'comfortable' compartments. Fine comfort! We reached Kashin fairly alive with vermin. To be sure, we had a merry time while in the car. It was hot, accordions were played, people danced. Except for the light of a candle-stub we were in complete darkness. Our guard was very kind. Red soldiers who shared our bench were all speculators, going to Kashin with a tiny capital to be converted into merchandise. However, all of them were Communists — why?

A general conversation started at once.

'Well, how do you live now? Glad there is no more war?' we asked the Red soldiers.

'Sure, there's no more war. Only they don't give us home leave. Thought we'd get it now — and then they said: "Wait till spring!"'

'Aren't you well off in the cities? Is it better in the villages?'

An undefinable touch of tenderness — a light in their eyes, and then:

'Better!' one of them answered, 'sure enough! Seven years of barracks! In dirt, in cold, without a thing to do. Is that life?'

'Without a thing to do? But you went to war to defend the Soviet Government, did n't you?'

'Of course we did. But we're sick and tired of this military life. — To the devil with it! We want a little change! And if we were not human beings! No family — no home. Like tramps — without a corner of our own. . . .'

The whole car becomes interested in the conversation. A passenger remarks viciously:

'Not a thing to do! And fighting women in the market places — and fighting people at the railway stations — that's not fit work for a man, is it?'

'Sit down, cabbage-head. Who is it that fights now in the market places? Nothing like that to-day. Everything abolished! Freedom!'

"Freedom!" "Abolished!" You duck!

Another Red soldier interrupted:

'At home — I hear — in the village, there's no one left to work. No one to work the soil. Old ones and babes, that's all. Ruin. . . .'

'Then why don't you stand for disarmament in your Soviets?' I asked. 'Your voice counts, doesn't it?'

'Not yet. . . . ' the first soldier said thoughtfully.

'Why?'

'Because we have n't conquered yet.'

'Will you conquer?'

'Sure. If we all stand together.'

'What are you fighting for?'

'What for! For land, for freedom. We won't let anyone sit on our necks. Down there, in the villages, they've divided the land — and our business is to stand guard, to let no one disturb them. Only the rations keep getting

worse. . . . We're growing lean. . . . Hungry. They used to feed us well — but then, this is the eighth year since we are on the warpath. They could n't possibly have enough to feed such a force! . . . '

'Tired of war?'

'Tired! We know well that we must stand fast — but oh! tired we are!'

'How long have you been a Communist?'

'Well — it has been three years now since they registered us all into the Party!'

'Now, comrade, you see we are counter-revolutionists. We don't understand plainly what Communism is. Would you explain to us?'

'Communism? That means to divide things up so that everyone has as much as the other fellow, and burn down the landowners' nests. To clean it up, sort of.'

'And then?'

'Then we'll work the soil and sell the grain. In freedom, so no one interferes. The landowners did not interfere with selling our grain — that's true. But they were mean, that's what they were. They'd sit down at their overloaded tables — and there would be young pork, and duck, and wine, and strawberries in winter, and everything. . . . And you'd keep serving them and weeping. Mean, that's what they were. Or else they'd send us to war and meanwhile would ride in *troiki* with women. . . . '

'However, now you are sent to war, too, and the men above still keep riding — only now it is in automobiles.'

'Because they have to. They work for our sake. But those landowners — they were loafers. . . . Again — the *zemski nachalnik* — the squire — used to have the right to give you one in the face any time he pleased. Now I'm my own master. Who can give me one in the face now?'

'But they shoot you.'

'They shoot when they have to. Suppose you're a spy, or a bandit, or a deserter — they have to shoot you.'

'So you are well satisfied. You've a good life.'

'Not so very satisfied. We are too poor — too poor. After we have beaten the *gospoda*, the old masters, we'll draw a free breath.'

'Now for a few years the *gospoda*, the Whites, have left you alone. But you keep getting poorer.'

'We're getting poorer, too, because of the Jews. Those are worse than *gospoda*.'

'Are n't you ashamed, comrade? What has that all to do with Jews? And what sort of a Communist are you then?'

'That has to do . . . ' the fellow said gloomily. 'They hide the gold. They go about with gold teeth while we . . . Is it possible to put gold into your teeth when there is war? Teeth, and rings, and pins, and little things — all for themselves. When it comes to our property — then they want us to divide everything evenly! Gold should go into the common treasury. . . . For the Red army, and the orphans, and the invalid-soldiers. And they put it into their pockets.'

Meanwhile, the accordion trilled on merrily. A passenger was dancing with a wild, lively step, stamping his feet and clapping his hands; some one started a song:

Thou my apple, my apple,
Where, apple, art thou rolling?
Thou wilt roll to the Cheka, apple,
And wilt never return from there!

'Listen, dear man,' another passenger said to the first Red soldier, 'thou arguest that gold must go into the common treasury. How about industry? There must be money for industry! And who will have the factories?'

'Factories? Workmen will have them.'

'Workmen, ha-ha! Thou art behind the tune, dear man, thou art! Those above thee have long made their agreement! Ha-ha!

'What dost thou mean, ugly face? With whom have they agreed?'

'With those v-e-r-y same capitalists, friend. There goes your Commune!'

The passengers in the car were delighted over the controversy. The accordion squeaked and whined. Human faces could hardly be seen in the darkness and dense tobacco smoke. The debate was certainly a hot one. Disheveled heads hung down from the upper berths and listened attentively.

'They sure have made a bargain,' continued the elderly passenger. 'There's the factory in our village. It has been standing still for two years — now the old owner has it back. It has n't been long since they shot the old bosses, and hacked them to pieces, but now it is — "Take it back, if you please, the pleasure is all yours." If it goes that way, the landowners will be back soon.'

'They won't be back. We've got our guns.'

'Your guns! Your guns turn around. You'll shoot at one side to-day and at the other side to-morrow. That's what your guns are for. You'd better keep still. You're caught in your own trap now — you stupids!'

'Thou thinkest thyself mighty wise! Thou old devil, and how vicious!'

'Thou fool. I'm not vicious. I have been a Communist myself. Saw it all, and beat it. Sat in prison five months because I left them and told them they were deceivers — the Communists. They raised up the whole people, plundered everything, then fleeced us, and after all that they wanted me to be a Communist! No, sir. And as to being stupids, we all surely are that. Anyone can fool us. Only there'll be nothing good out of that Commune.

... They're coming to their senses now in the villages, and trembling — what will happen next? Only it might be too late. . . . Fine business. . . .'

'Suppose thou layest down thyself in the earth for a rest, father,' the soldier answered ironically. 'Hast lived too long. Thou canst no longer stand a little roughing it. Thou hast no hair on thy teeth.'

'Thou surely hast hair on thy teeth,' the old peasant replied, 'but Liovka has got hold of it.'

The whole car roared with delight. But the soldier did not grasp the allusion to Leon Trotskii and asked:

'What Liovka? What art thou babbling about?'

'Liovka, thy master!'

The roar continued. The soldier was embarrassed and offended almost to tears, but he could not find an answer and silently fingered his mitten. The old peasant had won the contest and the public was openly with him. There was no evidence that anyone feared spies or Cheka agents. A boy of fourteen, with a shrewd and clever expression, distributed the hot water he got at the last stop.

'Art thou traveling alone?' someone asked him.

'Alone. Have n't married yet,' he answered.

'Thou pup! Where are thy people?'

'Don't know. I don't need them. I have sat in prison for a year, now I'm a merchant.'

General merriment. The 'pup' felt hurt and opened his overcoat.

'See this bag? Thirty millions. I'll buy some rye in Kashin and sell it in Moscow. One hundred per cent profit.'

'How about the police?'

'Police have rendered up the soul, and militia — they like money. I'll make a little noise with those papers — sh-sh-sh — they'll like it. I've bought them all right.'

'Art thou a Communist, too?' the old peasant asked.

Instead of answering, the boy jumped to his feet and whirled about in a fiery *prisiadka*, singing at the same time:—

Ah, thou mean-faced Commune of mine,
The Commune has all her pockets in holes,
The Commune has half her land full of thieves,
Ah, Commune, Commune of mine,
What a dirty face is thine!

I looked at my Red Guards. They were smiling and apparently highly amused. Will these people really get past with their bold, sarcastic jokes? Two years ago they would have been lined up against the wall for them. But the car is noisy with unrestrained, boisterous animation.

Where is all this multicolored stream of life flowing to-day?

WHEN THE REDS CAME TO VLADIVOSTOK

BY AN EYEWITNESS

From the *Manchester Guardian*, December 14
(INDEPENDENT LIBERAL DAILY)

THE Red troops of the Chita Government, under their young general Ubolevitch, captured Nikolsk, the junction of the Chinese Eastern Railway with the Ussuri Railway, on October 17. A weak force of White Guards went forward to meet them, but was chased back into the neutral zone on October 19. The Reds crossed the neutral zone at Ugolinaya, despite the declaration of the Japanese commander, General Tachibana, that the evacuation of Vladivostok, promised by November 1, would be delayed if the Chita forces came nearer. The Japanese retired to the trenches already prepared a few miles outside the town.

Reports now spread in Vladivostok that the Red troops had captured the Japanese trenches. There was an indescribable panic, which was increased when whistles in the various works and mills commenced blowing furiously. This was the signal for a general strike in sympathy with the approaching Reds.

In the Simenovskii bazaar a company of Cossacks was seen coming in from the front. Shouts were raised, 'The Red cavalry are coming!' Pandemonium was let loose. Pedlars threw away their goods, soldiers fled with the rest, and the hundreds of people in the bazaar melted away in a few minutes. The half-dozen people who had raised the alarm at once packed up the abandoned stuff and loaded it on to carts for disposal at the other end of the town.

At 6.30 P.M. the town was in total darkness. The electric light station had been abandoned by the strikers. 'Let the bourgeois sit in darkness,' they said, and the bourgeois did so for the next six days. Streams of people invaded the bakers' shops, reports having been spread that on the morrow there would be no bread. The bakers were sold out in a trice. Fortunately the town was well stocked with flour.

Suddenly the sky was illuminated with a blaze of blinding light. People

rushed into the streets to see what was the matter. Some said the bazaar was on fire. It proved that a huge wooden building running parallel with the bazaar was a mass of flames and crackling timber. Some six hundred Chinese were living in this building. All managed to escape with their lives, and some with their private effects. As there was a dead calm only the one house was gutted.

On the twenty-first the British and American Consuls visited General Uholvitch to negotiate for the peaceful occupation of Vladivostok. The Red troops withdrew to Ugolinaya, and conversations commenced. It was agreed that the Red troops should enter the town as soon as the Japanese troops had left.

From the nineteenth to the twenty-fourth there was no electric light or telephone service. Daylight robberies were of frequent occurrence. Entrance was gained into houses and shops by armed robbers who smashed doors and windows. For the most part these were White troops, demoralized by their defeat and now out of hand. Government storehouses were looted and the contents sold for a song.

Several times bombs were thrown in the bazaar, creating a panic, during which the shops would be hurriedly closed. On one occasion a soldier had stolen a horse, and was offering it for sale for twenty shillings. The owner came up and charged the man with stealing. The soldier immediately threw a bomb. The crowd went for him and stoned him to death.

In a few days 4000 foreign passports were granted. The abject terror of the bulk of the population was pitiful to see. The priests were in a state of collapse, most of them having taken an active part in politics during the short reign of Dietrichs.

Ten Government ships of various

sizes were taken away by the Whites, among them the old gunboat Manjoor, which was interned in Shanghai during the Russo-Japanese War in 1903. This old ship was towed out by the powerful tug Svir, of Dutch origin, one of the tugs which accompanied Rodjestvinskii when the Baltic fleet met with disaster. Eight further vessels, of varying tonnage, belonging to private owners were also taken, several of the latter loaded down to the gunwale with stores and plunder. Some of these latter ships may be returned after a while. One of the best of a number of unserviceable twenty-year-old destroyers, known as the Anastasov, was scuttled at its moorings close to the shore, with the result that half of the vessel is high and dry while the after part is submerged.

The last of the White troops, known as Gleboff's men, cleared out on the twenty-fourth, after acting the part of true bandits. Even Chinese coolies were not too small prey for these robbers. One of their last acts was to hold up a cab in which was the special correspondent of the Osaka *Mainichi*, who had arrived on the morning of the twenty-third. At 8 P.M., in the middle of the town, this man was relieved of seven hundred and fifty yen. Since the flight of Dietrichs on the twentieth, the town had been at the mercy of these villains.

At 2.30 P.M. on the twenty-fifth the stern of the last transport conveying Japanese troops passed out of sight down the Golden Horn. At 3.30 twenty partisan mounted scouts were walking their tired little Mongolian ponies slowly into the town. They soon returned to the main body, which commenced filing into the town at a dead slow march. So slow was the progress and so softly did the dead-tired troops tread that one could have heard a pin drop. Now and again the weird silence was broken by some soldier attempting to

sing. Only when a battery of eighteen-pounders came rumbling along was the oppressive silence broken; it began to be possible to believe that this was really the dreaded conqueror coming in at last, and not an army of ghouls.

The leading troops were all young men, hardly more than boys; in some cases the rifle stood higher than the boy. Not a smile on their faces, no one exchanging a word with his neighbor in the line, which was no line, but a straggling procession of weary, hollow-cheeked youths ready to drop with fatigue and hunger. This doleful picture was somewhat relieved by a company of dragoons wearing the original helmet worn under the old régime. These men were of better build and

mounted on fairly good horses. More infantry followed, like the first. It was now growing dark, and most of the sight-seers began to hurry home with scared looks upon their faces, fearing they knew not what. After a while the electric light came on, a welcome sight after six nights of total darkness and terror. By and by some strange-looking objects loomed up in the distance. They proved to be a dozen camels, seen by most of the lookers-on for the first time. And so the procession continued until about 9 P.M.

On the twenty-seventh, General Ubolevitch reviewed about a battalion of troops on the square outside the railway station. Everything is quiet and perfect order is being kept.

SOCIAL CONDITIONS IN CHINA

BY DOCTOR S. WASHIO

[Doctor Washio is a well-known Japanese publicist, who is a frequent contributor to the English-language press of his country.]

From the *Japan Advertiser*, November 25-26
(TOKYO AMERICAN DAILY)

ASK any average Chinaman you meet about Chinese politics, and he will show little concern and talk as if he were speaking of something irrelevant to his interest. You do not hear of politics affecting the business prospects of the country, the cost of living, burden of taxes, or any other such things you are accustomed to hear in other civilized countries. The reason for this is the natural stability of Chinese social life, which impresses any observer who has been accustomed to the high tension of the life of modern industrial society.

Think of a country occupying the large and fertile stretches of lowland on both sides of the Yangtze — think that that is only the middle part of a great continental realm that borders in the north on Mongolia across the Great Wall and in the south spreads out into the rich delta of the Pearl River — think of this vast country teeming with some four hundred million inhabitants who have the oldest history in the world, run on a cash capital of only 600,000,000 taels in this twentieth century, and you have some idea of how

China is different. If you travel along the Yangtze from Shanghai, where prices are nearly as high as in New York or Tokyo, into the interior of Szechuen where coppers are big money and brass pieces with holes in them are the currency required for small transactions, you will have a more concrete idea of how the Chinese live nearer to the soil and nature. It is this immense energy of masses and nature not yet converted to cash value that gives stability to Chinese social life.

Eleven years ago the city of Hankow was burned to ashes in the revolution. The banks had no money and on the basis of cash capital the city could not have possibly been rebuilt. But in less than three years the new and more prosperous Hankow rebuilt itself. Labor and material were there in abundance for any who could work on credit.

While I was in Peking everybody was talking of the inability of the Government to pay its officials, whose salaries were from three to five months in arrears. In the ordinary course of things in a modern industrial country, a government pressed for money like this is indeed bankrupt. But the Chinese themselves were not worried about it so much as foreigners were. This was probably in part a device of the Peking Government to ward off the demands of some of the Tutchuns. At any event, the affected officials managed to live, and did not seem even pinched, for salaries have never been the whole of their incomes. Besides, one can live even in Peking almost at no expense. Visitors like myself pay nearly as high prices as prevail elsewhere, but a native carries a few pieces of copper and for them can buy a good piece of meat and a handful of sugar in the bargain. Ten dollars in Chinese hands are worth a hundred dollars in foreigners' pockets.

These are some instances to show that cash valuations are no indication

of the real condition of living in China. The same thing can be said of larger affairs, the affairs of national finance for instance. Referring to China's inability to pay interest on her foreign loans, Lu Yun-hsiang said to me that China is not alone in that respect: Russia is not paying, nor is Germany, nor France, nor even England. Whether China can pay in cash or not, her wealth is there to attract credit five or perhaps ten times as great as her present liability. The fact is, if the Government were honestly and efficiently organized, it could easily increase not only its present budget but also the currency of the country several fold, without lowering the real purchasing value of the currency below that of the best money of any country. It is this uncaptialized reserve that sustains Chinese social life and gives it its unperturbed equilibrium under circumstances that would tear any modern industrial society to pieces.

Their uncaptialized reserve alone will not, however, account for the peaceful habits of the Chinese people; for living in a society where there is no law, no dependable police system, and where the sight of soldiers is only a nuisance, they are without doubt the most peaceful race in the world. There must be a long-ingrained social code of ethics, which has developed independently of the government, to account for the peaceful disposition of the race.

The most notable social institution of China is the family system, in which distant relatives are counted as members of one family under the all-inclusive name of cousin. Since almost any well-to-do Chinaman has more than one wife, since the father's property is divided equally among his children, and since all the ramifying branches are regarded as one family, each family group can easily be a social institution in itself. Within this unit a sort of

communism, consecrated by ancestor worship and sanctioned by Confucianism, is the established order.

This family system is, without question, the mainspring of Chinese social relations, but it is still of private character and does not impress a traveler like myself as the reason for social peace. For Chinese society is larger than the family and its relations cannot be accounted for by the family alone.

A friend of mine advanced the theory that the cause of the unsanitary habits of the Chinese people is the walled city. The walled city inevitably tends to narrow its streets. The long habit of crowding into a walled city and its narrow streets must have made the inhabitants indifferent to unclean sights. That is true, but the same habit must have also tended to render them immune to all frictions and irritabilities of human life and to make them at once the most sociable and the least impressionable of human beings. Any one who has traveled in typical Chinese cities like Nanking, Soochow, Changsha, Wuchang, and Hanyang must have wondered how Chinamen could get along in those narrow crowded streets. There is apparently no traffic control of any kind. It is only the inoffensive, matter-of-fact conduct of each individual that keeps traffic moving. My theory is that the peculiar environment created by the walled city is largely responsible for the social habits of the Chinese people.

This particular environment accounts, at least in part, for the very interesting, the most important, social relation found in a Chinese community. It is what the Chinese call *miendzu* — 'face.' Anyone who has even casually had any direct contact with the social relations of the Chinese people must have heard the word 'miendzu' repeatedly. It is impossible to render this word

into an English equivalent. The words 'trust' or 'honor' do not convey its meaning, for there is nothing sentimental or chivalrous when a Chinaman says *miendzu*. The word 'credit' is a nearer equivalent, but *miendzu* is used when there is no material interest or value to sustain the credit in question. In fact *miendzu* is the sole bond of Chinese social life outside of the family circle. It is the fundamental principle by which both social and business relations are made workable. The Chinese believe in it and observe it not out of sentimentality, but because it has utilitarian value, without which Chinese society would fall into anarchy.

A few illustrations will suffice to give a general idea of how *miendzu* works as a bond of social life. Bribery in China does not mean anything more than a commission or share, to receive which, far from being a crime, is rather a duty expected as a matter of course. A friend of mine told me the story of a prolonged business negotiation with a certain Chinese gentleman. Finally the problem was put down on paper item by item in a close but reasonable calculation to which the Chinaman had no cause to object. There seemed no possible reason why the deal could not be closed, until the Chinaman said, 'But my face.' *Miendzu* in this case meant spoils to be distributed among his associates. It is common to hear a Chinese appeal to *miendzu* when anything he has undertaken is at the point of failure. *Miendzu* in such connection means that he must succeed, otherwise he will lose his social position. Whether merit is on his side or not, the appeal to *miendzu* is final and to ignore it would be almost a social crime.

The purely social and the most beautiful usage of *miendzu* is found in the community of geisha girls. When a geisha girl accepts a new patron it is his duty to give a dinner in the girls' house,

inviting the friends of both parties. The man does it for the sake of the girl's 'face.' On the other hand, she will under no circumstances receive any of his friends. She observes this rule for the sake of the man's 'face.' Most of the second, third, fourth, or fifth wives are picked up from these girls. I inquired of a certain Chinaman if it is obligatory for a man to support his concubines for life, and if so what sort of restraint there is for a man who neglects his duty. 'If he does,' said he, 'the girl will simply go back to her profession — which will completely destroy the man's miendzu in the community to which he belongs.' Since the geisha girls are the centre of Chinese social life the ethics of miendzu as observed in their community is enough to keep men's social conduct within gentlemanly bounds.

The most widespread and the most efficient and perhaps the only real business organization found in China is the guild. This, too, represents practical application of the ethics of miendzu. The bond of this organization is the relation of branch houses between themselves and their former master's house. They are all independent units in business transactions with independent assets and liabilities, but the bond of miendzu connects them with each other in a way that could not be approached by modern legal business principles. The master is always the presiding head of the organization by virtue of his seniority and moral influence and not by the strength of his trade. He has, of course, no legal power, no coercive authority. The relation is entirely social and moral, based upon the spirit of mutual help. Where there is more than one master's house in the group included in the organization, the head of the oldest and the most venerated is the presiding official.

The basis of the guild is both locality

and trade. The largest is the provincial organization. Few cover more than one province. There is certainly none that is organized on a national scale; none the less in all principal business centres throughout China, guilds have their clubs through which traveling members or those who have establishments outside of their own city keep in touch with their organization. The most active are 'Canton Guilds,' which are found in Shanghai, Tientsin, Hankow, Peking, and other important business communities. They all represent nothing but a practical application of the ethics of miendzu. Though they may prescribe minimum prices they rarely bind their members by regulations.

With families as units and the ethics of miendzu as the only bond of relation in both business and pleasure, and confined within the environment of the walled city, Chinese society is a sort of mediæval communism. Communistic sentiment is, therefore, almost a second nature to the Chinese. The father's property is shared equally by his children. The husband is enjoyed by all his wives in communistic bliss. Dinner is eaten out of the same dish.

But the most marvelous revelation of Chinese communistic sentiment is found in the street scenes of any typical Chinese city. The crowded, narrow, and dirty street, where the inhabitants do anything they please, is a horror to the eyes of foreign visitors. In such conditions no other race except the Chinese could get on for a moment without quarreling and fighting. But the Chinese manage without friction in these surroundings most conducive to friction, for that is the application of Chinese communism grown up out of the necessity of the walled city and maintained by the habits of long ages.

I may cite another instance. In the train from Peking to Hankow I had one compartment reserved for me by

the order of the Department of Communications. I half expected that soldiers might at any time rush in and occupy the vacant seat opposite me. But it was a gentleman who quietly took it. Since the compartment was reserved for me I asked if he were not mistaken. 'This compartment can accommodate at least two persons,' he said. Then we argued for half an hour. 'I see you have your right,' he said, 'but on the other hand there is also a custom' — a custom of communism, and he did not even have a reserved-seat ticket. We became good friends afterward and he told me of many other Chinese customs.

As our legal minds cannot quite accommodate themselves to the communistic ways of the Chinese, so the Chinese for their part are unable to appreciate our legal concepts of social conduct unless they are backed by force. Chinese insensibility to the legal relationships of modern social life is the cause of China's political chaos. So long as a society remains in a state of mediæval communism, a government is unnecessary, and any government in such society is inevitably an artificial incubus. The present political chaos of China is, therefore, a reflection of her social condition. Before her politics can settle down to some sort of workable representative government, her society must evolve out of its mediæval communism. The people must begin to have a conception of social relationships and they must learn to pay more taxes through authorized channels instead of tolerating occasional looting.

Cautions against the misvaluation of the Chinese social life are not out of place in this connection. The most prevalent misvaluation is that recently made by Bertrand Russell. He speaks of the Chinese social system as if it were a better type of civilization than that of the modern industrial society of the West. We are all so tired of mod-

ern industrialism and its evils that we prize anything different from it. We are tempted to say that if China were only more sanitary, her social system, with its interesting relation of *miendzu* and its utter indifference to government, should be protected from the march of modern individualism. But nobody, even Bertrand Russell, would like to live in a Chinese community if he had that privilege. The first serious attempt to improve sanitary conditions, for instance, will inevitably seal the destiny of its communistic character and will introduce legal relationships.

When I was in Hankow I told the President of the Hanyang Steel Works that some foreigners love the quaint mediæval communism of China and are sorry to see the country industrialized. 'That is,' he said, 'only the sentiment of a privileged leisured class. Think of the millions in Shantung and Szechuen who starve.' Chinese communism can't keep them fed and clothed.

Another misvaluation is often made by those who know something of the Chinese classics and think democracy is found in Mencius and socialism in Mocius. They say that these doctrines are not new to China. They think, therefore, that Chinese society as it is at present is easily adjustable to these doctrines, or is in fact an embodiment of a high stage of civilization as foreshadowed by these doctrines. Lu Yun-hsiang, whom I have repeatedly quoted, says that Russian communism is not dangerous to China, because Chinese society has been communistic for many centuries. There is no kinship between mediæval communism and modern socialism. The two environments are completely different. Even if Mencius taught democracy and Mocius preached socialism, they did so in the environment of walled cities, which had no modern problems to face. The Chinese classics therefore offer no

solution; they give no outlook into the future condition of Chinese society.

The fact that the Chinese have for ages lived in a society of mediæval communism, in the environment of the walled city, explains some of their contradictory characteristics, as observed by tourists. The common impression is that Chinese are individualistic, indifferent to the welfare of other people, and sometimes very cruel. Rarely does one see the Chinese offering aid either to their own countrymen or to strangers. One coolie is pulling a heavy load and many coolies are standing idle by the wayside, but none will help him. A man is dead or suffering with a mortal wound in a suburb, but the Chinese pass by apparently with no feeling. Once I had my hat blown off on muddy ground while I was about to take a sampan to cross a river. Two Chinese were on the spot doing nothing, but they would not pick up the hat until I drew some copper cents out of my pocket. I have seen two instances of a Chinaman caught by police and hung and flogged before crowds. In both cases, the man's stoicism and the absence of feeling in the crowd were amazing. On the other hand, a no less common impression of the average observer is that the Chinese are very sociable, polite without hypocrisy, and never behave themselves improperly in public. One rarely sees a Chinaman taking dinner alone or taking a walk alone. No matter where one goes, he is not in danger of being insulted or rudely treated by the Chinese, though he may be killed or robbed. A friend of mine said to me that he had been in China for fifteen years but had seen only one instance of a Chinaman drunk in the street; that he had never seen a coolie naked below the breast in public.

The explanation of these apparently conflicting observations is this: Living in the crowded communistic environ-

ment of the walled city, where everybody is well known and life is at once hard and leisurely, Chinese have naturally developed a spirit of self-help, inoffensive manners, cultivated friendship, and sociability, not only as a means of getting on in the community, but also for the enjoyment of life, until these traits have become second nature to them. At the same time, this very environment has shut their eyes to the outside world and made them insensitive to the larger outlooks of human intercourse to which modern civilized peoples are accustomed. As one can easily guess from the inconvenience of traveling in any part of the country where modern means of communication are not developed, the Chinese have not been much in the habit of traveling. Outside of the walled city the country is a vast plain haunted even now by robbers and bandits. The natural disposition of a people living in such an environment is to shun any dangerous or out of the ordinary sights and not to meddle with affairs that are not their own business. Chinese individualism, indifference, and cruelty are, therefore, essentially negative.

Another noteworthy characteristic of the Chinese people, which may also be explained in part at least, is their lack of originality and initiative. The Chinese are not an unskillful people. Their hands are both steady and dexterous and they are great imitators. So long as they are doing routine work they run like clocks, but the moment the routine ceases they become helpless. They rarely show ingenuity enough to cope with an unexpected situation. Originality is not a virtue likely to be cultivated in a society of mediæval communism or under the paternalistic régime of family life. I have, however, the impression that the Chinese lack of originality is not only due to the unfavorable social environment but may

also be a racial trait. The uniformity of Chinese architecture and the colossal and monotonous tone of great monumental works do not suggest that this race is ingenious.

I am not speaking of the canals and the Great Walls, but of other monumental works which in their nature should permit a more artistic and orig-

inal treatment. For instance, I remember that when I visited the famous Thirteen Ming Tombs I observed to my friend: 'None but great patient fools could have conceived and executed such works of art.' My friend retorted: 'Chinese works of art are impressive just for lack of ingenuity — for artlessness.'

THE LIBRARIES OF ANTIQUITY

BY PROFESSOR WILHELM V. WYSS

[The following article is a newspaper summary of an address delivered by the Rector of Zurich University before the Antiquarian Society of that city.]

From *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, November 25
(SWISS REPUBLICAN DAILY)

SUCH scattered data as we have of libraries in Egypt, dating from as early as the Sixth Dynasty, are fragmentary and not entirely reliable, although we have reason to believe that collections of books existed in that country from a very early time. The first library of which we have definite information is the cuneiform collection of writings of the Assyrian king Asurbanipal, who reigned from 668 to 626 B.C. Although these books were written upon clay, they formed a true library, and afford evidence of the beginning of a true library-organization.

Tradition ascribes the first Greek libraries to Polycrates of Samos and Pisistratus of Athens. The latter is said to have appointed a commission to edit Homer's poems. The Greeks knew nothing of the library of Nineveh; their name for 'library' originally meant a bookshop. Presumably, the word received its new significance at

Alexandria in the days of the Ptolemies. This argues against the existence of Greek libraries of the earlier date.

The first important private library of which we have definite knowledge belonged to Aristotle. It was later brought to Rome by Sulla. Such private collections indirectly influenced public libraries.

The largest library of the ancient world, that at Alexandria, is said to have been promoted by Phalereus; the actual founder was either Ptolemy I, Soter, or Ptolemy II, Philadelphus. Possibly the father had gathered a fine private collection and the son threw it open to scholars as a real library; for it occupied quarters in the Royal Palace, near the famous Museum.

This library marked a new epoch in history. It was the first scientifically administered institution of the kind, and upon its existence depended the scholarly labors of the students at the

Museum. It was here that classical philology had its cradle, and linguistic study received its first impetus.

From the beginning, there was a second library at Alexandria, though much smaller in extent. It occupied the temple of Serapis, and its relation to the larger library resembled that of a city library to a university library.

Under the direction of distinguished scholars and able organizers the larger institution grew with what we may call American rapidity. Its history during this period has become better known through a papyrus discovered a few years ago. The eagerness of the library authorities to secure new books and rare books sometimes led them to adopt devices that would not be countenanced by modern ethics. So keen was the rivalry with the library at Pergamon, that the Egyptians tried to hamper the latter's growth by a rather futile embargo on the exportation of papyrus. Thereupon the people at Pergamon invented the book-material which received its name from their city — parchment.

Demetrius Phalereus reported that in his day there were two hundred thousand rolls or volumes in the library at Alexandria. The poet Kallimachos, under Ptolemy II, reckoned their number at nearly half a million. When the library was burned in 47 B.C., it was supposed to contain seven hundred thousand books, while the library at the Serapeion, in the same city, contained forty-two thousand. After this fire, which destroyed most of the books, which Cæsar had already stored on the wharves for transportation to Rome, Antony presented Cleopatra with the library of Pergamon. In 272 A.D. the Museum library was destroyed, and in 391 A.D. the same fate overtook the library at the temple of Serapis. The story of their destruction by the Arabs is a myth.

It is difficult to overestimate the services of the Alexandrian librarians to later scholars. Kallimachos, though not the titular librarian, prepared the *Pinakes*, an enormous catalogue, consisting itself of one hundred and twenty volumes. This catalogue gave biographical data regarding every author, in alphabetical order, the title of his other works, the language in which the book was written, the initial words, and the number of lines in the book.

The librarians at Pergamon did not play so important a rôle in the history of scholarship. But we can say with assurance that the first building constructed specifically for library purposes was erected at that city, in connection with the temple of Athena.

In respect to libraries and library organization the Romans merely copied the Greeks. The earliest collections in Rome belonged to private persons. Cæsar planned the first public libraries. After his assassination Asinius Pollio established, some time between 39 and 33 B.C., the first real public library in Rome, in the *Atrium Libertatis*, apparently upon the Aventine Hill. It contained both Latin and Greek books. By the fourth century A.D. Rome had twenty-eight or twenty-nine libraries. This number probably includes those belonging to the different guilds.

The only ancient library in which the books have been found intact was at Herculaneum, and contained about eighteen hundred volumes. The most important library-building of which the ruins have been discovered was at Ephesus, erected about 110 A.D. by a city consul in honor of his father.

In ancient days reading was much more difficult than at present. Words were not separated from each other, and there was little punctuation. In fact, people read by the ear. Indeed, it is now known that the ancients ordinarily read aloud: which explains why

the reading-rooms in the libraries of the ancient world were vast pillared halls.

The ancients had less occasion than we have to consult libraries. The place held by popular literature to-day in the life of the masses was supplied by the public baths. But even scholars were not wont to depend upon great libraries to the same extent as scholars of the present age. A hasty consultation of the cumbersome, unpunctuated; and unindexed rolled manuscripts was impossible, and our modern study of original sources was unknown. Furthermore, large private book-collections relieved scholars of the necessity of using public libraries.

The book trade of the ancient world

was active and is responsible for much garbling of classical texts. The survival of a work depended upon the taste of the next generation. Here the Roman libraries performed an important service. If books were lent — and we have not the slightest evidence that they were — and if patrons visited libraries to decide controversial questions, at least such uses were comparatively rare. They offered no conveniences for writing, and periodicals did not exist. Consequently, the supreme function of the Roman library was to preserve the writings of the past, and to select such texts as were worthy of laborious duplication by the slow processes of that age.

LOS NOVIOS DE VENTANA

BY EMILIO ROIG DE LEUCHSENRING

From *Cuba Contemporánea*, November

(HAVANA LITERARY AND POLITICAL MONTHLY)

In our age of one-steps, Fords, automatic telephones, roller skates, cinema mornings and dancing afternoons, our *novios de ventana*, or window suitors, have become an anachronism. It is really extraordinary that we should still preserve this custom, one of the most ancient of our city. It is in better keeping with the rude and chivalrous days of old, when the unhappy lover, muffled in his cape, must linger outside the window balcony of his fair one, waiting until *la dueña's* relaxed vigilance gave him an opportunity to press hurriedly and tremulously for one blissful instant her extended hand, or to address a tender word in an undertone to her ear.

In these days, when we enjoy the social and political liberty bequeathed us, with other things, by the French Revolution, in our contemporary era of syncopated music and Vienna operas, such inconvenient customs have practically vanished from Europe and America, to survive only in our tradition-venerating island.

We can explain this only by the loyalty of the native Cuban for all that is ancient and time-consecrated. We see evidence of this in the solicitude of our old families to preserve their ancient heirlooms; and in the fact that though we have been a republic more than twenty years, we have not yet amended the old Spanish civil code.

In former days, our *novio de ventana* was an unfortunate who had no other way of meeting and conversing with the lady of his heart, because her family opposed his suit and did not let her leave the house. But to-day conditions have completely changed. Cuban girls enjoy ample liberty; they do not live imprisoned in their homes. Their mothers are not as rigorous and exacting as of old. Our young ladies now go abroad whenever they like, alone or with their sisters, cousins, or friends. They attend cinemas and theatres, visit the shops, run out to the corner drug-store 'to send a telephone message,' or to the grocery to weigh themselves. They have ample opportunity to meet and converse with young men. Meanwhile, the architecture of our houses has also changed. The gigantic old colonial keys that we used to hang behind the door have been replaced by tiny slips of metal that we carry in our pockets; the windows that formerly were protected by heavy iron bars are now closed with modern and convenient shutters.

I have just picked up from my desk a drawing by Landaluze, the painter of our old Havana customs, representing a window courtship. It shows an embarrassed, timid girl half-hiding behind the window casing, while her suitor, dressed after the fashion of the time, in a black coat, a derby hat, and white trousers, addresses tender words of love to her from the distance.

A student of our customs tells us that the *novio de ventana* might belong to any of three classes. He was an *aspirante* as long as he merely walked back and forth in front of the house, staring at the window that guarded the lady of his thoughts. At the next stage, he became a *meritorio*, who might approach the window early in the evening, but he was still pleading his case, and not yet assured of the lady's favor. He must still content himself with clasping

the cold window bars. Last of all, if his suit was fortunate, he was promoted to *efectivo*, and at a later evening hour, was permitted to hold the hand of his lady through the grating. He was now a recognized *novio*.

In these good old times, *aspirantes*, after a proper period had elapsed, declared their love by conveying to the damsel they adored, either personally or through a friend or messenger, a letter in prose or verse, copied from *El Secretario de los Amantes*, or written by a poet friend. A favorite sonnet began:—

*Mi corazón está muy enamorado
y como la flor seca se deshoja.
Así se secará el desdichado
si tú, Panchita, al verle tan anquiado . . .*

My heart has so become the slave of love
That like the petals of a withering flower,
'T will languish with the sadness of lost hope,
Unless, Panchita, seeing its distress . . .

One letter was not enough. Our grandmothers and great-grandmothers, when they were young, insisted upon three letters at least. To-day a couple of words suffice.

Thereupon, the young lady would show herself for the first time at the window, carefully concealing the fact from her mother. She would have many hesitations and excuses — her youth, her short dresses, her school — but at last, perhaps, would comfort her gallant with vague promises, offering *consultarlo con la almohada*, 'to take counsel with her pillow.'

So the *meritorio* would be kept waiting several days before a whispered *Si* raised him to the rank of *efectivo*, or real *novio de ventana*. Thereupon the two young people would exchange numerous love tokens: portraits, handkerchiefs, locks of hair. . . .

Finally, they made their window appointments for a later hour. The young lady, usually accompanied by her old negro nurse, would rise stealthily with-

out disturbing the family for these more secluded interviews through the window bars, the nurse invariably protesting: 'Ah, child, if the old man knew, my reputation would be ruined.'

At length the murmuring couple would catch the attention of the night watch, invariably a cruel-hearted fellow, who promptly terminated these tender interchanges with a gruff: 'Off to bed with you, and shut that window. Else I'll ring up the family.' And he would emphasize his orders by rapping sharply with his staff of office against the iron window grating.

To-day the real, old-fashioned, serious *novios de ventana* are becoming rare; and this ancient institution is degenerating into a vehicle for light flirtations.

To be sure, there are still cases of the other kind — sweethearts who, after parting at the door, still stand at the window bidding each other adieu for an hour or more. Then there are instances where the young man is permitted to call formally only twice or three times a week, and passes the other evenings in nightly conversation through the window bars. None the less, the window still serves its social function. In the same way that young ladies of high society and the smart set have reception rooms, the theatre, park drives, automobiles, and a thousand other devices and institutions through which to advertise their charms — natural or artificial — to prospective suitors, so poor girls — often far more happily — still have the window as the frame for their romances.

Little scenes like this can be observed any afternoon or evening in the humbler streets of Havana; for instance, San Lazaro. Young ladies, garbed in their best, with pretty gowns and sashes, and a touch of rouge and rice powder to set off their charms, ensconce themselves in a willow chair in front of a window, with a book in their hands;

or perchance they pose gracefully just inside the window frame. There they wait for friends and acquaintances to pass, or for the mysterious unknown. The promenaders of their acquaintance stop and exchange greetings; or occasionally linger longer.

The most assiduous of these window watchers are young girls from fourteen to sixteen. In a single square in *Calle de Lealtad*, I have noticed five 'flappers' of about this age who are to be seen every afternoon and evening at their respective windows. When a young man passes several times, they debate among themselves which one he looked at with the most enthusiasm or interest, and they keep tally of their respective friends and admirers. This rivalry among young ladies of the same neighborhood is sometimes so keen that I recall having read a private letter containing the following words:

'J. L.: Tell me if you passed our block for me or for my neighbor, Maria Luisa.'

After the young men have passed several times, the first overtures begin with such complimentary comments as these:

'*Qué chiquita más linda! Qué boquita más sabrosa!*'

'What a pretty little thing! What a tempting little mouth!'

The young lady so addressed affects to be highly indignant, and retorts:

'*Qué confianzudo!*'

'You are too fresh!'

A few interchanges like this eventually lead to a longer conversation.

With these young girls, two or three days' acquaintance often leads to a furtive engagement, which, however, does not prevent their quarreling the following week, and forgetting each other a few days afterwards. Indeed, most of these window flirtations are as speedily terminated as they are easily begun. Some young men have two or

three *noviecitas* in different parts of the city, and make a regular round, conversing with each ten or fifteen minutes.

Another interesting fact with regard to this custom has come to my attention in the course of my investigations. Young ladies whose parents' windows chance to be directly opposite a street lamp are not as popular with these young gallants as those whose houses are more retired. In general, I find no other reason for the survival of this practice than the romantic associations that are everywhere associated with the art of courtship.

And as I have said, it is already a vanishing custom. Concerning it I copy the following interesting passage from a friend's letter:

'Chancing to visit Matanzas on a

legal matter, I was told one night at the home of a family where I was entertained, that young men who sue their case in this ancient fashion are known in that city as *beefsteaks en parrilla* — steaks on the grill. The window grating is the grill, the fire is supposed to be on one side and the victim on the other.'

Ever since the Holy Fathers, this figure of flesh and fire has been a favorite one in literature.

My own feeling is that in case of the *novios de ventana* the flesh is not on one side and the fire on the other, nor the flesh on both sides and the fire in the centre, but that the flesh is on both sides of the window grating, or *parrilla*, and that the fire and flesh are one and the same. And I put forth this opinion as an unbiased authority, for I personally am a vegetarian.

THE COVETED CITY

BY PERCEVAL LANDON

From the *Daily Telegraph*, December 19
(INDEPENDENT CONSERVATIVE DAILY)

As the course of the Lausanne Conference unfolds itself in a series of worm-like stretches and recoilments, so more and more do the eyes of the delegates turn almost involuntarily, but with increasing interest, to the one city the possession of which they believe, rightly or wrongly, will decide the fate of the Congress. It is curious to think of the blank and total incuriosity with which Mosul in its turn regards the Conference. Yet it may be of interest to some to read a rough sketch of a city which scarcely one of the men who

here take so vital an interest in her has ever seen.

About noon one leaves behind the famous, the all too famous, oilfield of Qaiyyarah — the outflow which has caused all this jealousy and covetousness, and of which it will be necessary to write on another occasion — and for fifty miles one works one's way northwards across an almost entirely barren plain, intersected with shallow ravines dropping to the river on one's right. There are two roads: that by the river is the safer, and that across the last

edge of the desert the shorter — and you are not always allowed to take your choice. At last, after dipping down into Hammam Ali, where the sulphur baths are, one rises again, this time on the splendid fragment of an English road, which was indeed abandoned last year, but still remains as a witness to the different standards of East and West in such vital matters as transport. Then the last fold is won, and the plain of Mosul lies below one.

There is something that is reminiscent of Damascus in the first sight of Mosul. At about the same distance as that from which Mohammed himself looked down upon Damascus and decided that to enter so lovely a place might endanger his hopes of a celestial paradise, Mosul and Nineveh, the living and the dead, the provincial and the imperial, are spread out before the traveler. Between the dense streets of Mosul and the open gray verdure where Nineveh lay within the straight grassy folds that betray her ancient walls flows the Tigris in a yellow flood torn into ribbons by willowed and sandy *javeaux* as it comes south to meet one. The new road now runs straight through gardens and orchards to the Bab el-Jadid, or southern gate, leaving on the right between itself and the river most of the military and civil administrative quarters of our occupation. The Political Officer, Mr. Nalder, had a beautiful house on the bank of the river next the club, but the general's headquarters, five hundred yards away, were even more attractive. There had once been here a religious community, and inside the cloister there is the strangest of strange combinations — the absolute peace and solitude of an Italian monastery all the day, and every evening the strong pervading smell of the petroleum that continually forces its way upwards through the soil of the bank of the Tigris, and even up through its very

bed, staining with iridescent clouds the dull brown surface, and at times almost making one cough as one comes across from Nineveh in the dusk. Did Esarhaddon think of it except as the emanation of the Evil One, or did Sardanapalus saturate his famous funeral pyre with crude petroleum?

Mosul has no great claim to distinction, except, perhaps, the leaning minaret of the Jami El-Kebir, which is indeed a giant pillar and is a mark for miles around in places where nothing else can be seen of the city. Its streets are narrow, except for the great street Jadat El-Kebir, which a Turkish vizier began and which we completed in 1920 — a wide thoroughfare, sixty feet in width, which cuts its way through the raffle of mean houses which, for the most part, is all that Mosul can boast, sparing only the Syrian Catholic school in the heart of the city. On the desert side the old walls remain, but within them, to the west and north, the town has shrunk nearly a quarter of a mile, and a rough cultivation, parceled by still traceable tracks where nothing grows, has taken the place of the hovels which once filled the space. The markets are not unlike those of other towns, but are not covered, except in one or two streets near the bridge. Here, by the waterside, the life of Mosul centres. Last year we presented to the city a new boat-bridge in the place of the old, patched, and unsafe causeway which showed clearly enough the tragedies it had suffered, and the many hands which from half-millennium to half-millennium had helped to remake its continuity. Beside it rises the Aghwat mosque and minaret, the most picturesque in Mosul, and beyond it, across the river but a mile away, are the long, low slopes of the walls of Nineveh, still treeless, houseless, and unbroken except by the towering church and monastery of Jonah — in

common justice, the patron saint of Nineveh.

Probably the first discovery that a stranger makes is the fact that the city is built of mud and marble. The quarries are still worked outside the walls — on the line of the Bagdad railway to Nisibin, which still can be traced by the long-abandoned cuttings. The marble is the same broad, soft, white crystallized limestone as that which was used for the human-headed bulls which Layard brought back to the British Museum; and there is hardly a house in Mosul so mean that it has not door and window sills and jambs and lintels and corner posts of this beautiful material. The rest of the house is sun-burnt brick of unusually poor quality, and buttresses are almost universal. The real charm of Mosul is the mixed crowd that wanders through her streets, free from the blighting touch of the West. All the Near and Middle East comes to the city of muslin soon or late: Ghebres and Jews and Armenians, Arabs from west and south, Kurds from north and east, Persians, and Russians and Punjabis and Turks, and — more strange than all — Yezidis, who worship the devil and cannot abide the sight of the color blue — all the flotsam and jetsam of Central Iran and Turan.

Nor is it only Mosul itself and the rolling downs which represent the ancient Nineveh that are of interest here. Twenty miles lower down, on the opposite side of the Tigris, rises the huge mass of Nimrud, the most southerly of the four great corner castles of Nineveh. This, like the others, consists of a square, each side of which is of the mystic length of seven thousand feet — the square of Nineveh has been lengthened to the south beyond the little stream so that the latter now cuts

the area of the ruins in two. It is here that the monstrous and magnificent human-headed bulls of marble were found by Layard. And here to this day the marble heads and wings of half-buried figures jut upwards through the turf — too often, alas! the quarry for the Arab and the Bagdad Turk. As yet we have but scratched the ground of Assyria. Khorsabad — another of these corner palaces — has been surveyed, but scarcely more; and Nineveh still has square miles of silent history to yield. Across the river Shargat — now the rail head of the Bagdad line — was as magnificent once as Nimrud; indeed, the whole way down to Bagdad one runs past scores and hundreds of hills, each one the grave of some lost town.

At Qaiyyarah, between Mosul and Shargat, are the famous oilfields. The smell of them taints the air for miles, and in their present condition there seems little to justify the world-wide and brazen covetousness that they have evoked. On a bluff above the river is a foul black swamp of raw and stagnant petroleum, half-spanned by a broken bridge, and edged at a respectful distance by the coarse bents of a mangy grass. A few refining kilns of blackened and tumbling brick barely stand upright a stone's throw away from the tiny offices, where for months and years an ex-officer of the navy has worked like a Trojan from a single shallow well to supply the Northern division with oil. At first sight it is strange that half the world is ready to quarrel about the development of this remote and lonely spot. But here there is the new life-blood of the world, and perhaps there is no other field in any continent which can rival in extent the enormous reservoir which possibly stretches for a hundred miles to the north and south of Qaiyyarah.

IBSEN AND HIS ORIGINS

BY ALFRED POIZAT

[M. Alfred Poizat is a French writer whose interests are largely in religious journalism. He is a member of the Council of the Corporation des Publicistes Chrétiens, and he is a regular contributor to Le Mois Littéraire et Pittoresque, a Roman Catholic monthly review. It is therefore natural to find him contributing to Le Correspondant.]

From *Le Correspondant*, November 25
(LIBERAL CATHOLIC SEMIMONTHLY)

IT was about 1888 that we first began to hear Ibsen discussed in France. The hour could not have been more favorable for him. As I have already observed in these pages, the year 1885, with the death of Victor Hugo, marked the end of one literary period and the beginning of another. Paul Verlaine and Mallarmé were coming swiftly out of obscurity, and taking the lead in the literary world. The symbolist school was getting its start. Emile Augier and Dumas *fils* had left the theatre, and there were no successors. In the interim, the naturalistic novelists were taking their novels into the playhouse. They were experimenting with what they called 'a slice of life.' Antoine had created the Théâtre Libre, and was putting on the most varied productions, the most unexpected kind of thing, gradually shaking the public's faith in the almost intangible 'laws' of dramatic art. It was a revolution like that of 1830, with the one difference that the romantic writers had rallied around the figure of Shakespeare, and sought their models in the English, German, and Spanish theatres, while the workers of the Théâtre Libre pushed straight on with their discoveries, having no guide other than Antoine's own truly amazing dramatic instinct. It became apparent that fundamentally there is but one law in the theatre.

Some have the gift of life; others lack it. Nothing can take the place of this mysterious gift; and where it exists it is sufficient in itself and can be drawn on indefinitely.

Antoine was the first man who made us understand Ibsen, and the dramatist's name suddenly assumed the significance of a symbol. The critics did not like him, complained of his fogginess — no matter, his name was launched, and was not his misty style exactly what the younger school — wearied with too much definiteness — were seeking? The drama had reached such a pass that words possessed no significance beyond their obvious meaning, as if all mystery had departed from life. The fault of the theatres of Augier and Dumas was their lack of atmosphere, of phosphorescence, of luminousness. There was nothing behind them. It was all a matter of untangling the plot with a marriage or a divorce. The whole psychology of the character lay on the surface, and was sharply interpreted by simple actions, or reactions, which were easy to foretell. A sort of fashionable automatic action seemed to have been substituted for the dim and profound depths of true humanity. All this little world of dramatic heroes manœuvred across the boards with a witty and elegant precision like troops trained on the drill field.

Ibsen brought back to us spontaneity, caprice, a stubborn illogicality that concealed itself, a spirit of inconsequence and contradiction that was in revolt. We saw in Ibsen's theatres women who did not know what they wanted, but who wanted it very much, women for whom life was too much, whom it wearied, and who bluntly cast off the conventional laws of the mind, explaining that they had had enough of being reasonable. There also we saw men struggling under a dumb mysticism, on whom the ideas of death, destiny, and the unknown, which envelop all of us, weighed like a heavy burden of anguish, and who could not get rid of their agony by a witty phrase. Ibsen's humanity was haunted. Abstractions, with the control of which they were familiar, took material form and assumed definite shape. Words grimaced and became spectres, veritable familiar spirits who incarnated themselves threateningly in objects which had at first served merely as comparisons. Such was the *Wild Duck*, which clung to his place in the mud — at first merely the image of a certain social degradation which from act to act increased in importance until it almost became an actor in the drama, and transformed itself into a myth.

In this theatre the external technique scarcely differed from that of the younger Dumas. Ibsen's plays, as we then knew them, were fashioned and constructed very much like our own, which made us think that perhaps this dramatist was nothing but another Dumas in disguise — a Norwegian who was not clever enough to give form to his own ideas, and who lost himself in considerations in which he stubbornly persisted, and from which he extricated himself with difficulty. The truth was that Ibsen was dealing with creatures whose psychology was different from ours, who were troubled by questions

to which we were not accustomed, and with ways of thinking peculiar to themselves. In short, his was another style, and therefore, no doubt, a different mentality; or, to use an expression very fashionable at that time, another soul.

People were the more perplexed by this theatre, because, though it was so thoughtful that it hurt, it could not be ridiculed — a fate that the young and striking theatre of Maeterlinck did not altogether escape when its turn came.

A spectator told me of having attended a play by the Belgian poet, in which the heroine sighs and says: 'I want to go away.' 'Me, too!' cried a spectator, and he got up out of his seat in the audience and walked out. The whole house broke into laughter.

Such incidents never happened with Ibsen. He was a master dramatist who laid powerful hands on even the most unfriendly spectator, interested him in spite of himself, gripped his curiosity, and dragged him forward, even though he grumbled, to the dénouement. It was only between the acts that the spectator complained. As soon as the curtain went up, he was fascinated. He might feel a dull discontent, but he found nothing in the text that gave him ground for any interruption. This might be a dangerous kind of drama, it might be a drama that was not acceptable to French taste, but it was drama, a drama that no other country could surpass in sureness of touch or in vigor.

In a general way, we may say that there is no dramatic literature of the present day worthy to be compared with that of France, by which I mean to say that there is no drama that has come to such a point of technical perfection — no drama in which art seems to have become second nature to the authors. Our pieces may lack poetry, they may bear witness to a distressing poverty of thought, but they are not despicable on strictly dramatic lines.

Nowhere do we find so keen a sense of the actual conditions demanded by the theatre; more resourceful skill in dialogue, more deftness, more tact for giving a situation the requisite turn. It is professionalism, if you will, but it is such a delicate and sure professionalism that it has almost reached the point where it cannot be taught, and where it relies on a long heredity. You cannot improvise a drama like that any more than you can improvise an army or a navy. Our national genius has been developed for so long a time that we have achieved a feeling for the drama, and we are, moreover, using a marvelous instrument in the French language, which has long been formed and habituated to dramatic use; a language which in itself almost solves the problems of the theatre, and always solves them with elegance. Moreover, among us, dramatic authors are numbered by the thousands, and natural selection has played its part on a large scale, to the benefit of the most gifted. Let us add that French dramatists have always before their eyes the living repertoire of all the dramatic masterpieces of the past, and that this repertoire aids them in maintaining a certain definite tone.

Such a phenomenon as Ibsen is rare and almost extraordinary. Its rarity is emphasized by the relative failure of Maeterlinck's drama, whose poetic quality gives it perhaps a certain degree of superiority to that of Ibsen. But Maeterlinck is not a complete dramatist. He has not been able to adapt himself wholly to the theatre. Sometimes he indulges in ill-timed pleasantries, sometimes, at the most pathetic moment, in intolerable digressions. He has not a definite feeling for what is possible and what is not. We may say the same of Gabriele D'Annunzio. I do not believe that Ibsen could ever have let himself be caught in these danger-

ous currents, for he is a natural-born dramatist.

Yes, he is a dramatist, he is even a great dramatist, but he is certainly a dramatist in the German fashion. I have just said, and I have often said it elsewhere, there is no true dramatic literature of the regular kind outside of France. Yet we must recognize that, thanks to their methodical, stubborn application, the Germans have been able to set up something that looks like one. The impetus given by Lessing, Goethe, and Schiller has never been completely interrupted. Some talented men have continued here and there to accomplish enough to keep a kind of tradition half alive. The Germans have had a sporadic theatre — sometimes in one part of their country, sometimes in another, and even outside their frontiers, especially at Vienna. They have had Immermann, Grillparzer, Hebbel, Hugo von Hofmannsthal, the Swede, Strindberg, to whom we may add the Dane, Oehlenschlaeger, whom they have annexed just as they have annexed Ibsen and Bjoernson. Of all these, only one has taken his place in general literature — Ibsen. How long will he hold his rank?

There is no disputing that the Scandinavian, like the Dutch literature, is a part of the group of Germanic literatures. The trouble is that the Scandinavian languages are spoken and understood by too few people to be sufficient unto themselves. The audience is too small, the range is too restricted. The author cannot help looking beyond the frontier; he hopes to be translated. He does not write for his compatriots only, but also for his neighbors. Moreover, he is inevitably bilingual. He has always done part of his study in a German university. He keeps in touch with the general thought of the world through German magazines and German literature. His intellectual forma-

tion is mainly German. He literally thinks as much in German as he does in Scandinavian.

And so Ibsen began, after the German fashion, with plays on historic and legendary subjects; *Catilina*, *The Pretenders*, *The Warriors in Helgeland*, and *Emperor and Galilean*, the latter being simply a study of Julian the Apostate in dramatic form. But Ibsen was not slow in giving up the German formula to adopt the French one. *Love's Comedy*, *A Doll's House*, and *Hedda Gabler* obviously spring from the theatre of Dumas fils. They deal with imitation Frenchmen of the north, sunk in a fog of reverie and thought of Ibsen's devising.

Here the dramatist is approaching subjects like those that our theatre treats. These are studies of women who free themselves from marriage and escape by sheer stubbornness, but they are differentiated from the women of our theatre by a psychology peculiarly their own. These women are Ibsen's intellectual daughters. They bear his marks and his blemishes. They are a part of his internal world, that angry, disillusioned, bitter world made in his own image. To reconstruct that world, we must see Ibsen in his natural surroundings. He is a man of superior ability, full of immense pride, struggling with the pettiness of a small city; for the Norwegian capital, like most of the other smaller capitals of Europe, is nothing but a provincial city, almost lost at one end of the world, and relying for its intellectual interests on foreign countries, principally France and Germany. The least break in communications with thought outside necessarily becomes a source of inconvenience. Everything around him must have seemed narrow and trifling.

Moreover, this city is drowned in fog almost all the year. You cannot see twenty paces in front of you, and the

streets are cold. No one stays out late if he can possibly help it. People see each other only by artificial light, and have little to say. Conversation languishes. Ibsen was a Lutheran, like his fellow countrymen. Emerson says: 'Every Englishman is an island,' and you might also say that every Protestant is a Dissenting Church complete in himself. At any rate, every Protestant feels himself more or less pastor, priest, and preacher, compelled by his conscience to teach what he believes, and to see everything in the light of Holy Writ. The Catholic, on the other hand, is readier to leave this duty to his curé, and avoids appearing to want to preach, as the worst of all ridiculous things. And so we see that provincialism, life by artificial light, and Lutheranism are the three principal elements in Ibsen's personality.

Ibsen possesses such an inner dramatic power that he seems to make game of all the laws that before his time had appeared the best established. He has but to set two people talking to stir interest, so keenly do their strange minds rouse our curiosity. Half the time his characters talk in enigmas. A great fringe of shadow lies around everything they say. Listening to them, you have an impression that you are listening to initiates, that there is a secret, an impenetrable mystery, in their conduct and their conversation. What you think you understand makes you want to understand more, and so, fascinated, you go on to the end of the play, and when the curtain falls, curiosity keeps up its dim work within you.

Beginning with *Brand*, Ibsen introduced this symbolistic dramaturgy, in which he had no predecessor, and which quickly became his own peculiar style. Parallel to the main action, which is a drama of the mind, he develops another more material, more objective, like a projection into the physical world.

The most characteristic example is that wild duck, which stupidly insists on sitting in the mud, whose cries ring through the drama to which he gives his name. That duck must certainly have existed. Ibsen must have seen it. He must have been annoyed in the course of some conversation, annoyed to an extreme degree. He had but to go to the window to see it; and under that gray sky, sad and cold, where the contours of things are veiled beneath the fog, allowing only gaunt outlines to appear, it assumed an importance which it would not otherwise have had. He transformed it into a sign, into an omen. One might almost say it was placed there by God in the midst of that drama of familiar life, that it might be observed, that one might draw from its presence a mysterious warning, a lesson that must be understood and interpreted.

I do not think that Ibsen thought out what he was doing in this way. He simply obeyed the poet's instinct and the artist's impulse when he constructed plays with a double plan, one action accompanying the other as the shadow accompanies its object. The wild duck is like a fantastic shadow that is projected upon the imaginary screen by the main action of the play, or rather it is that action itself seen twice, once in its immediate reality, and again in its relation to the universe, in its direct aspect and its eternal aspect, for man is part of a group, and his action never stops where it seems to stop. It passes beyond the limit that our shackled minds assign it. It goes farther than one can believe, and its repercussions are felt where we never perceive them.

It bears with it more mystery than is revealed by the mere words. 'There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.' Among these undreamed-of things, what is more completely un-

known to man than himself? Mankind constantly wraps itself in mystery. Man has something fantastic, something indefinable, or more exactly, something supernatural, about him. Around his soul there is a kind of phosphorescence, which it is able to disguise from itself, considering itself always in the clear, even light of reason, but which it perceives with terror as soon as it finds itself among the shadows of the undetermined frontiers of folly, for example, or on the borderland of sleep. Who has not had a moment of fear in the presence of his own soul — a dizzying sensation before the unknown in himself? It would be impossible to give a true presentation of man without giving Marvel a share in him. Man is to some degree a supernatural being. That seems to have been Ibsen's idea. At any rate, Count Prozor, his translator and his best commentator, asserts it, even while observing that Ibsen has no more to say about religious problems than if he had never had any positive beliefs, but seems to have concentrated his regard on man himself, to study there the phenomena of the Divine, and to display its most disturbing manifestations.

Ibsen is a poet, but a poet of modern life, a poet who has chosen his people and his subjects from the small city society which surrounded him. He painted them in as true likenesses as possible, with the minuteness of a realistic painter of the Dutch School. He presents them to us as narrow-minded, caught in the meshes of routine, stubborn, short-sighted, and by his own peculiar art has cast strange lights upon their souls, and has suddenly rendered them a little fantastic.

As M. Berteval has remarked very properly, his dramas are full of crazy men. They are a swarming heap of larvæ. They have felt the breath of that northwest wind that maddened

the crazy men of Shakespeare. But folly is the only means remaining to poets who deal with modern subjects to give us the thrill of mystery, to carry us along the dim edges of reason, to let us perceive the forms in the abyss.

Ibsen's plays are not merely full of madmen, they are maddening in themselves. The deep and real charm of so peculiar a play as *The Master Builder* is due to Ibsen's cutting of the moorings that hold us fast to reason; we embark upon a dream for a voyage through the world of convention, where we must believe that it is the summit of a genius's achievement to build towers that are forever higher and higher, towers so lofty that in the end they dizzy the architect himself, and cause him to perish in the hour of his triumph. Ibsen communicates this mental dizziness to the reader of his play, and to the spectator who sees it in the theatre. For this dizziness is the principal emotional element in the play. Here symbolism is not merely parallel to the action, but it is the very soul of the action. *The Master Builder* is a typical symbolist drama. It is also a very beautiful and unforgettable poem.

When the symbolist school of dramatists arose in France, most of its adherents were certainly unacquainted with Ibsen's plays. They did not know that what they dreamed of doing had already been done with a masterly hand in the Norwegian theatre—a proof that symbolism represented a deep and important movement of the human spirit, even though the writers who pressed it in France did not realize

the fact. The word appeared before we understood the thing that the word represented, and so the symbolist theatre preceded the poetic movement that bears its name. Soon the theatre of Ibsen was followed by that of Maeterlinck, and by that of François de Curel.

Of these three great dramatic poets, it seems perfectly clear that the one who was most perfect master of his art was Ibsen. At any rate, the Norwegian had given form to everything that his imagination had created, and that with an ease and sureness of touch that showed his gift for the drama in itself. He never falls into mere discussion, he never merely lectures. His most abstract ideas become real beings, amazingly alive and disturbing. Ibsen is a creator of myths.

He is a genius, but he is a sad genius, a genius who works in fog and who misses the joy of light and the gift of youth. He is a genius who was born old, who thinks like an old man, who feels like an old man. And so he is a genius that youth, which must be true to itself, and not decrepit, not minutely critical, not feeble, will sooner or later dislike and pack away. The reign of Ibsen and his kind does not seem likely to last long, and there can be no doubt that its end is already approaching. It could hold its place in universal literature only during the generation of which it was the image. It will leave there a strange memory, and then it will go on to its end in the northern literature, from which only its genius and the power of circumstance caused it to emerge.

THE MAN IN THE MUSIC

BY ERNEST NEWMAN

[Mr. Ernest Newman is musical critic of the Sunday Times and author of many books on music, among them studies of Gluck, Wagner, and Richard Strauss. His most recent work is entitled *The Piano-Player and Its Music*.]

From the *Sunday Times*, December 10
(LONDON INDEPENDENT WEEKLY)

MISS REBECCA WEST, in *The Judge*, refers more than once, I think, to the dislike healthy people have for unhealthy people — a dislike not openly expressed, perhaps, or even consciously felt, but in them, all the same, subconsciously. I suppose it can be explained as a kind of revolt of the will-to-live against anything that can depress it; and nothing tends to depress it so much as the spectacle of the forces of dissolution gaining ground on an organism. Our horror of corpses — even the corpses of vermin — is no doubt an uncomfortable premonition of our own ultimate defeat. We do not go on living, as Schopenhauer says, because we think life good, but we try to persuade ourselves that life is good because we want to go on living.

With this simple and natural philosophy innate in us, it is no wonder that the world soon tires of the sick men among composers — the men who, like Chaikovskii, are so full of their own troubles that they are always button-holing us to tell us about them. We can put up with the sick artist only when he makes his own troubles a cosmic grief, as Chopin — another of the sick men — sometimes managed to do, and as the really big fellows like Bach always do.

I have a theory that some day melancholy, and indeed every sort of mental malaise, will cease to be subjects for

art, because of the egoism they imply. It will, in that happy time, be regarded as bad form for a man to talk about his symptoms of spiritual disease in public, just as it is now bad form to talk about the symptoms of our physical diseases to anyone but our doctor and an interested and sympathetic intimate or two. Tragedy will die out, because healthy-minded people will no more want to witness a display of somebody or other's spiritual sores and other disturbances of his mind's functions than we of to-day want to listen to the details of the derangements of a man's liver. The time may yet come when tragedies, literary or musical, will be issued only in expensive volumes for the use of practitioners in the soul's diseases, as medical books are now.

I can foresee the music lover of the future picking up a score — say the 'Pathetic Symphony' of two hundred years hence — from the outside shelves in Charing Cross Road, and, after reading a page or two of it, putting it down with a shudder, as he now does some treatise on the derangements of this or that internal organ. Love's disease, or Death's disease, or Wounded Vanity's disease, or Disappointed Ambition's disease will interest him no more than, and repel him just as much as, Bright's disease or Addison's disease. He will be sorry for the sufferer; but he will not want to pursue the morbidities

of the case in detail. It will make him uncomfortable; 'the same thing,' some warning voice may whisper to him, 'may happen to you.'

We instinctively avoid already certain composers whom we feel to be unhealthy — Chaikovskii, for example. For a time we listen greedily to his account of his symptoms — perhaps for the psychological reason hit upon by La Rochefoucauld, that there is something not unpleasing to us in the misfortunes of our friends. But after a time we grow weary of Chaikovskii's absorption in his own troubles; we feel that it is n't decent of him to inflict them on us so persistently and at such length. The artist should feel, but not too deeply. He should feel just deeply enough to have material to manipulate for the purposes of art, but not deeply enough to be unable to talk about anything but himself. We may almost venture on the paradox that he will be the greater artist the less he really feels as a man.

Bach, as a man, never suffered as Chaikovskii did. Poor Chaikovskii is a case for the psychoanalysts. Seldom has any composer revealed himself so fully, as a man, in his letters; and from a study of these I should say that all his life he suffered from what — not to put too fine a point on it — may be called blue funk; his excessively delicate nerves were broken for good by ill-treatment at school and by the shock of his mother's death when he was a child. But though Chaikovskii, as a man, suffered far more than Bach did, it is Bach who gives the more poignant expression to suffering, because he is artist enough to raise a trifling personal pain to the dignity of a cosmic grief.

Every musician's personality reveals itself in his tones as surely as a poet's does in his words; and it is by the light of this fact that we have to try to account for this or that man's dislike —

otherwise inexplicable by us — of this or that composer's music. The other day, turning over the pages of Romain Rolland's first book, *L'Histoire de l'Opéra en Europe avant Lully et Scarlatti*, I lighted upon a telling statement of the unconscious revelation of a musician in his work — a revelation all the more accurate, as Rolland points out, because reason plays no part in the production of the work, and the language of music, being purely the language of the emotions, knows no such subterfuges or concealments as those of speech. 'This unconsciousness,' says Rolland, 'is itself a guarantee of [the sentiment's] sincerity. A few pages of a great musician tell us more about his soul than his biography or his letters can do. The melodic phrase, modeled on the living emotion, before reason could deform it, is, as it were, the immaterial flesh of his heart. The harmonies . . . enlighten us as to his senses. In the rhythm we recognize the depth of his chest, his moral respiration. And the development of the phrases, the march of the music, speak eloquently of his intelligence, of the mechanism of his ideas, of the order and the reason of his brain.'

That is so: 'the whole man thinks.' Critics who are pathetically faithful to the old clichés find it hard to get away from the idea that when we do not straightway fall at the feet of this or that new composer it is because our poor brains cannot grasp his novel harmony or his new way of 'juxtaposing tonal values.' The truth is that his idiom is as transparent as that of any other composer, but that what stands in the way of full companionship between him and the listener is the latter's instinctive revolt against the personality, the outlook of the composer, as unconsciously revealed in his music. I am not for a moment contending that the listener is, in any particular

case, justified in this repulsion. I contend only that this, and not any trouble over unfamiliarity of idiom, is the real explanation of our estrangement from the man's music.

A few weeks ago I was listening to one of Rimskii-Korsakov's arias that had an enchanting chain of phrases, and I thought to myself, 'What a lovely nature Rimskii must have had!' He had no depth and not a very wide range of thought, and only a child's power of structure; but he had also a child's charming, lovable fancifulness. At its best his music is always a fairy tale. It is this that makes him more popular than the greater Moussorgskii, whose soul has so many dark corners in it, so many roughnesses and uncouthnesses, and exhales so much strange unhappiness.

According to the tissue and the color of his own nature will a man prefer one of these composers to the other. Many people are repelled from Scriabin, not by his strange idiom, but because of the suggestion of hysteria in his feminine flutterings.

A certain living Russian composer talked nonsense, from our point of

view, when he said he disliked Bach because his music was that of 'a Protestant composer'; but as an explanation of his own repugnance it was the soundest of sense; it is as natural for a man of a certain mental build to dislike a composer for his musical philosophy as it is for him to dislike a Buddhist, say, for his religious philosophy, or a Radical for his political philosophy.

Why did London's gorge rise at 'Chout'? Not because of any difficulty in understanding the music, which was no more difficult to follow than a story in a boys' comic paper with some of the words spelt wrong, but because everyone felt the music to be that of a bright but irresponsible young man in a spasm of schoolboy silliness. And in practically every case of dissent from a particular piece of music it will be found, I think, that the dissent is based not on a merely tonal but on a psychological repugnance; we feel — I do not say whether rightly or wrongly — that this man is a thinker, this a saint, and that a fool, and our attitude towards his music is determined by the degree of our liking or disliking for thinkers, saints, or fools.

SEA FRET

BY TERESA HOOLEY

[*To-Day*]

It's the wave of the sea in my blood, and I'll never be free,
 Never be free all my days from the sea's wild crying —
 The crash of the waves on the rocks and the far-flung spray,
 The windy call of the gulls and the spume-flakes flying.

It's the sea's unrest in my soul, and I'll never be still
 While the waters keep their chant and the tides are flowing,
 While the purple shadows move o'er the changing deep,
 And the brown weed sways and the great salt winds are blowing.

THE INTELLECTUAL TASTES OF THE AMERICAN PUBLIC

BY BERNARD FAY

[M. Fay, who was French exchange professor at Columbia in 1920-1921, contributes this paper to *Les Nouvelles Littéraires*, a weekly newspaper recently founded under the editorship of MM. Jacques Guenne and Maurice Martin du Gard. The new journal, whose scope is broad enough to include art and science, as well as literature, has attracted to itself a number of the staff of the highly modern *Nouvelle Revue Française*, among them MM. Benjamin Crémieux and Edmond Jaloux.]

From *Les Nouvelles Littéraires*, November 25
(PARIS LITERARY WEEKLY)

FOR every public, a book is only an instrument which it uses at will: it seeks what it likes and disregards the rest. Often it even has imagination enough to substitute its own dreams for what the author means. This game of misunderstanding, so frequent between authors and readers of the same nation, is even more complex when authors and readers are separated by an ocean eight days broad and prejudices centuries old.

The American attitude toward our literature often surprises us. It is a mistake to think that our books are bought in the United States for the sake of France, and that idea prevents us from understanding the strange choices which we often see Americans make. They read our books only when they respond to their own preoccupations and to their desires. New World and Old World are very much alike. Those books are understood which are modeled after the predilections of the crowd and its way of seeing things. Books that deal moderately with questions of the day are appreciated without being any too deeply looked into; books that aim to attract attention to new theories or opinions are treated with hostility. Finally, books that create a

new idea, or works of art that are original and contrary to the general tendencies, are simply ignored entirely. All the shades of feeling, from sympathy to ignorance, exist in America, as they do in France, but they are not manifested with respect to the same people or to the same things.

We like to think that we are speaking to the Universe through our books. But is the Universe listening?

I should like to describe in this article the way in which the United States receives French literary productions. There are three zones, so to speak, in the American public: that in which our books are read, that into which translations of our books penetrate, that into which only reports, articles, discussions about our books penetrate.

These three groups are distinct, although certain deep tendencies unite them. With very rare exceptions, the American reader of to-day believes in the corruption of Europe and despises it. The hatred of the foreigner that seems to have spread in all countries since the war has not spared the United States. Nevertheless, the American public retains a desire to be well-informed; and many a person, though sure to be disgusted with a foreign

article, will rush to buy it, if that article is an entirely new invention. No public is more easily influenced than that of America.

The group that reads our books in our own tongue, comprising, perhaps, some hundred thousand persons, is principally composed of society people. Some professors and some students might be added to this group, but only as supernumeraries. These society people are amiable and kind; their ideas of France are derived from their summer trips. Frequently they love our country and buy our books so as to be able to defend it. M. Henry Bordeaux and M. René Bazin have become their official suppliers, and this class of American readers find in their books a serious, honest, religious, disciplined France which can be shown to everybody without scandal. They do not mind being bored a little bit. They prefer this to disorder. They are good folk who love us as sincerely as they love themselves. The group of professors and students who read us is more daring: they go as far as the *Three Musketeers* and *Les Misérables*.

A vaster public is reached by translations of our best works. It does not buy French books for the love of France but for its own amusement and education. There is, in this group, a large number of artists and 'the crowd.' The artists lay down the law where foreign books are concerned. But this term, artist, should not be taken in too narrow a sense. I mean by it the critics and the curious minds rather than the professional artists. To this group, France is amusing, but is not esteemed socially nor very much liked. They are not eager to see in France only its beautiful side — quite the contrary: they find interest in the impartial books that, without going too far, show the faults of the French. They want something

serious, a philosophic character in literature.

A romanticism with something of symbolic naturalism is the ideal of this group, and that is why, at present, Swedish and Danish books, in which the Ibsen tradition reigns, sell better in New York than those of any other European writers.

The articles and novels of M. Anatole France are fairly well liked. But the great modern French author is considered to be Romain Rolland. *Les Drapeaux* of M. Reboux is the kind of book which makes its own way. Many of the traits of character of this group are explained by the fact that it has a large proportion of citizens of German origin. One of the critics who guide this class explained his point of view to me one day. 'We do not like M. Gide nor your modern writers because they are too wise. We like something wild, which is at once cruel, disorderly, and serious, which gives us an exact idea of that immorality in which Europe, tragically ruined and convulsed, is struggling.' He had discovered *Ramus* and was boasting of it. A certain indecency and some risqué allusions must exist in these books, but they must always be tempered with philosophy, with moral intentions, and with pathos.

An effort is to be made to launch the books of M. Proust. I do not know whether they will be liked. It would be an impertinence to think so. The public that is curious about translations is only a small portion of the 'great public' that prefers American books, little English novels, and magazines filled with short stories.

Such is the great mass of American readers, which, one may say, has never been touched by any French writer. It seems to me wiser than the preceding class — for it is looking for simpler, more immediate, and more sincere

pleasure in its reading. It likes what is touching, virtuous, rapid, adventurous, and clear. It suddenly discovers a corner of France in a short story written in imitation of Daudet or of Maupassant; but it scarcely suspects what it has found.

It happens, however, that a skillful French editor is able to launch a book which seems almost American, so well does it conform to the formula. This was the case with *Maria Chapdelaine*, a novel that had the editorial advantage of being Canadian, and so requiring no effort of adaptation, for the great American public does not care for exoticism. It is sufficiently idealistic to prefer movements of the heart to the mirage of the eyes. It scorns the latter, and wearies of it quickly.

The students — except those who take part in politics or the rare few who live loosely — all belong to this last category. But we attract them more than we do most of the older people. We are, for them, the call of the unknown. We have hardly a chance to reach them by means of our old friends who read our books in the original, but who like us too naively, or by means of our enemies who hate us with a

stupid fury, mingled with political pre-occupations.

It is individual relations and the penetration of original books which will make us known to America. Over-swift success is vain and distorts an idea, without leaving anything of its individual character. This is terribly true in a country like the United States, where intellectual fads cross a continent of three thousand five hundred kilometres in two months and return at once, sent back by a counter-impulse. Our real success will be to have new books penetrate into limited but intelligent circles. Thus we shall have enlightened friends instead of passionately devoted and blindly generous partisans.

It is by knowing how to limit and deepen our influence that we shall do useful work in a country where everyone is carried away in quest of enormous and superficial successes. There is no real friendship that is not a choice. We must choose and love the part of the American nation that wishes to create a new world, and can do it. There alone will our books be fertile. We must find it and play upon it. It is worth taking a chance on.

THE CAMP FIRE

BY VITOMIR F. JELLENC

[The following incident of the tragic retreat of the Serbian army after its disastrous defeat by the combined Bulgarian and Austro-Hungarian forces, in the autumn of 1915, is part of a chapter from the Memoirs of a Yugoslav Volunteer. Its author, a Slovenian journalist, died from the effects of his wounds and of his hardships during the march through the Albanian mountains, when his book was being published.]

WHITHER now? we were asking; but no one knew the answer. There were different rumors and we waited impatiently, expectantly, while among us dashed messengers on foaming mounts, carrying confidential orders to and from the different commanders; but they — the messengers — knew nothing definite.

At seven o'clock the next morning orders came for what was left of our Seventh Division to proceed toward the village of Stimlje. This told us everything. We were completely and hopelessly beaten. We knew that all was lost and that, to escape capture, we had to move on as quickly as possible. We became exiles, refugees; and a realization of this was written on all faces. I looked at my comrades and it seemed to me that their features had undergone a complete change; they now bore an expression of hopelessness, resignation. We stood in silence and our gaze wandered back to the scenes of our overwhelming disaster. All of a sudden we became fatalists. . . .

Silently and engrossed in deep thought, our column moved out on the furrowed road. No one spoke. It was like a funeral procession. Until now we had hope, we believed in miracles; but now we were unmistakably face to face with terrible certainty. We felt as though we had been condemned to death and were walking to the gallows. . . .

The region through which we marched became increasingly duller and sadder. We knew that we were nearing Albania; but beyond that no one took thought.

We marched all day, without resting, feeling neither hunger nor thirst; but in our minds were whirlpools of thought. Resigned, we plodded along, and reached Stimlje, our supposed destination for the day; but we did not as much as pause here for a second. We plodded ahead on our way into exile.

About ten o'clock that evening we came to a wide plain where we stopped and tried to settle down for the night. We were not particular about the place; some hardly moved a foot from the spot where they had come to a halt at the command. We gathered some dry brush and cornstalks, a little hay — and this was our camp for the night.

With the brush and a few little logs we made modest camp fires, for the night was cool and we were wet from the rain which had kept falling all day long. I and a few others of our battalion sat around a fire of cornstalks and prepared our supper. One had a chunk of bread, another some corn meal, I a few prunes and dried apples — that was our meal.

Some tried to start a conversation, but failed. Who knows where our thoughts were? Old Captain Bora alone appeared to have retained some of his humor and tried to cheer us up with

his anecdotes; but as he saw that no one cared to listen to him, he too lapsed into silence and began staring at the fire, to which he occasionally added a twig.

Although tired to the extreme, no one could sleep. We huddled together, leaning on one another, and stared silent and wide-eyed at the leaping flames and the smoke, thinking of the only thing that any of us could think of.

'Gentlemen, if you will allow me, I should like to come to your fire and warm up a little.' These words were spoken by someone behind our backs; but none of us even thought of turning about to see who wanted to share our fire.

Only Captain Bora considered it worth while to grumble into his beard: 'You can well see that we are crowded as we are!'

'Well, perhaps we may be able to find a little spot, anyway,' spoke the voice behind us.

Captain Bora then turned his head, to see who so persistently desired to share our meagre comfort, and instantly, as if he had been stung with a spur, he leaped to his feet, and said: 'Your Majesty, forgive me!'

This brought the rest of us to our feet and we saw before us our old King Peter. He was wrapped in a long English cloak, collar over his ears, without insignia. He smiled good-naturedly, as he saw our embarrassment, and shook our hands, saying: 'Sit down, sit down, children!'

Quickly we made up a pile of hay and asked the King to sit on it. This he did, and, rubbing his hands over the fire, he continued:

'You should not be so heavy-hearted, children. Everything will come out all right, eventually. Life exacts many sacrifices and claims many victims, but one must not despair. The

time will come when we shall all return home. We shall all live to see that day. Look at me, your old King — I am going along with you, no matter if to the end of the world, because I know that in time I shall return home with you.'

The old man's voice was solemn and prophetic. Even if we had not heard and understood his words, we should have realized from his very pose and manner that he had deep faith that truth and right would finally triumph. His sparkling eyes confirmed what his voice indicated.

The King conversed with us, asking us about our families and homes. When I told him that I was a Slovenian volunteer from Austria, he nodded to me and said: 'You, too, my son, will return home!'

His words were quiet, but so strong and convincing that we were instantly lifted out of the depression of spirit that had weighed so heavily upon us since the beginning of our march. We saw that this old man, frail and bent, had unwavering faith in our cause, that he was leaving his country with no doubt of his return.

He stayed with us more than a quarter of an hour. Then he rose, and leaning on his cane — a pathetic figure — he said: 'Lift up your heads, boys! He who despairs lacks faith in his own resolution. Now I must see what the rest of my boys are doing.' And he slowly shuffled away from our camp fire.

All night long he walked from one group to another, conversing familiarly with his 'children' — with the soldiers and with the women and children who had joined us on the way.

Throughout the night we never thought of sleeping. The King's words had revived our courage and dispelled our doubts. We began to feel that all was not yet lost. We talked until

morning, and at daybreak, when the march was ordered resumed, we were fresh and able.

Our column plodded on through that barren, desolate country, while snow began to fall. In the distance we saw

the outlines of Albanian mountains, and as we looked forward we knew that he, the King, was with us. We had a glimpse of him every now and then; his face was white and clear, his eyes sparkled. . . .

THE VENGEANCE OF THE PIANOLA

BY ANTONIO GASCON

From *Heraldo de Madrid*, December 25

(LIBERAL DAILY)

My friend Perico has met with a misfortune that borders on the tragic. His landlord has given him fifteen days' notice to vacate his apartment. This is not because he has failed to pay his rent or because the apartment is wanted by another tenant; it is because the other occupants of the building have complained of his irregular habits and of the fact that he receives noisy and disorderly visitors.

And indeed, Perico has not been happy in choosing a place of residence. He lives on the ground floor left. To his right reside the widow and the daughters of a general. The second floor is occupied by a young ladies' 'French Academy' and also by two very religious old maids. On the floor above this, one of the tenants is a distinguished pulpit-orator; and another of his neighbors is the editor-in-chief of an ultrarespectable and clerical family journal called the *Heavenly Guardian*.

For a time Perico rushed wildly about and tore his hair at what he regarded the uncalled-for and unjust complaints of his neighbors. He was thirsting for vengeance. He must

drink blood. But how? A dynamite bomb? Flood the house from the water tank on the roof? Bah! Trite childish tricks!

Perico wished his vengeance to be original. More than that, a bomb or a flood would harm his landlord more than the tenants, and Perico knew perfectly well that this gentleman was not really responsible for his misfortune. More than that, Perico is a conservative. He does not believe in attacking the rights of property. He cherishes a real veneration for whatever lends stability to our institutions.

How then was he to avenge himself suitably upon his fellow tenants, upon all of them alike, without damaging the property? It must be a fearful vengeance, one of extreme cruelty, to satisfy his sense of just reprisal. But it must not violate the penal code.

Profoundly immersed in this problem, Perico absent-mindedly sat down at his electric piano and inserted the roll, *Mon Homme*. When the piece was finished he absent-mindedly rewound it and played it over again; and, before he awakened to what he was doing, he had played the piece thrice. Suddenly

an inspiration came to him. He slapped his forehead with his hand, and pulled out his watch. The piece took three minutes and twenty seconds to play. It required forty seconds to rewind the roll. In other words, the autopiano could play *Mon Homme* fifteen times an hour. Tremendous!

He dismissed his servants for an unexpected ten days' vacation, and packed his valise. Being a man who enjoyed the refinements of vengeance, he thoughtfully took the telephone receiver off the hook and placed it upon the piano, which was still playing *Mon Homme*. Closing the door, he locked it carefully, put the key in his pocket, and temporarily took up his residence at a hotel.

Two days passed. Perico began to be curious as to how his faithful autopiano was performing its duty. All that was necessary was to call up 'Central' and say: 'Ninety-nine ninety-nine' — his number. The young lady at the central office connected him with his apartment and he listened with unwonted delight to a few notes of *Mon Homme*.

'Bully little piano! What fidelity — what loyalty! How trustworthy! How devoted to duty!'

Two or three days later Perico again called up his apartment and again heard his piano playing merrily on. On the ninth day he again verified the fact and seized a pad of note-paper and a pencil. He hastily made the following computation: 24 times nine is 216, times 15 is 3240.

Ah! His piano had played *Mon*

Homme — three thousand two hundred and forty times!

'That ought to be enough,' Perico murmured to himself. Paying his bill at the hotel, he returned to his apartment. When he entered the door of the building he heard wild voices, shrieks, growls, breaking glass, and crashing furniture, intermingled, to his utter astonishment, with a chorus consisting of the widow and the daughters of the general, the distinguished pulpit-orator, the two pious old maids, and the editor-in-chief of the *Heavenly Guardian*, chanting in unison:

'*Es mi hombre!*' — 'This is my man.'

He called the concierge.

'Why do you permit such a scandal in this building?' he asked.

'What can I do? I am the most unhappy woman in the world!'

*'Qué le he de hacer,
Si soy mujer
Y sé querer?'*

she sang out at him, her eyes wild and staring.

He rushed to the door of the 'French Academy.' A young lady opened it as quick as a flash, and he heard the sharp voice of the principal call from within: 'Who is there?'

'*Es mi hombre!*'

'*Esmi hombre!*' repeated the principal.

'No, madam, it is n't! There is a mistake!' shouted Perico, now becoming alarmed.

'*Pero yo le quiero!*' — 'But I love him!' shrieked the girls in chorus.

Then it suddenly became clear to him. All the tenants had gone mad. His vengeance was complete.

A PAGE OF VERSE

I HEARD IN THE NIGHT

BY PADRAIC COLUM

[*Shorter Lyrics of the Twentieth Century*]

I HEARD in the night the pigeons
Stirring within their nest:
The wild pigeon's stir was tender
Like a child's hand at the breast.

I cried, 'Oh, stir no more!
(My breast was touched of tears),
O pigeons, make no stir —
A childless woman hears.'

IN THE PIT

BY ALEXANDER GRAY

[*Saturday Review*].

THE curtain rose. On either side
My neighbors craned their necks to
see

The dusky villain in his pride,
The heroine's simplicity.

Can villainy escape defeat?
The hero kissed his lady's hand.
And on the left I heard 'How sweet';
And on the right 'How simply grand.'

O unknown neighbor, could I know
The passions that tempestuous rage
At times within your heart; how slow,
How dull the drama on the stage!

A STREET SONG

(Translated from the Punjabi)

BY K. K. MOOKERJEE

[*Beacon*]

WHY throw stones from over the wall?
Let the Moon, our enemy, go down.

Go down, Moon! my beautiful foe!
Knit me closer and closer to my Love.
The night is dark and I am alone.
Come, my Love! come soon!

Dye my apron, O Dyer!
Of the color of my Love's turban.
You may tie up a string if it snaps,
But can ye mend love if it breaks?

THE PLAIN

BY A. F. TROTTER

[*Cornhill*]

OVER the waves of the shining plain,
Violet-tinted, a shadow stain,
From a cloud that's swiftly scudding,
Floats and vanishes: birds blow by
Swept along in the summer sky.
Far on the blue horizon's rim,
White and winding, the roads grow dim.
Almost I fancy a salty whiff
Comes from the tree-crowned chalky
cliff,
And I wait the breakers' thudding.

Ages ago, on the curving plain,
Burnt by the sun and drenched by rain,
Lived the ancient vanished races —
Lived and died there, and baked and
brewed,
Ground their grain in the quern, and
hewed

Wood for their woven, wattled walls,
Pyres and faggots for festivals.
Why, if I listen, their voices still
Rise from the wind-swept shelving hill
And the shaded woody places.

Gone are your skin-lined sunken cots,
Broken your gray and earthen pots,
You old, old, vanished people.
Only rabbits with furry feet
Find their way to your hidden street,
Turn up your slug-shaped pins and
clasps,
Beaten hinges and bronzy hasps.
Surely you're there, and you lie and
think
Stretched on the grass: your queer
eyes blink,
And you stare at Salisbury steeple.

SYMBOLS

BY A. CLARK ASHTON SMITH

[*London Mercury*]

No more of gold and marble, nor of snow
 And sunlight, and vermilion would I make
 My vision and my symbols, nor would take
 The auroral flame of some prismatic floe,
 Nor iris of the frail and lunar bow,
 Flung on the shafted waterfalls that wake
 The night's blue slumber in a shadowy lake —
 To body forth my fantasies, and show
 Communicable mystery, I would find,
 In adamantine darkness of the earth,
 Metals untouched of any sun; and bring
 Black azures of the nether sea to birth;
 Or fetch the secret, splendid leaves, and blind,
 Blue lilies of an Atlantean spring.

SAILORS

BY WILFRID THORLEY

[*New Witness*]

THERE's women on the quay when the Peter's flying,
 Some are full of jokes and some are crying,
 Blinded by their weeping, while the wee bairns clack.
Mary pity women when the sky turns black!

Some men with their money and their words are thrifty,
 Whether they sail one year or ten or fifty.
 It's for them their wives are laughing while their sisters cry.
Mary pity women when the sea runs high!

How is it they fare when the wage they're earning
 Melts into the air like a candle burning —
 Burning in a garret on a bare, round plate?
Mary pity women when she's posted late!

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

QUARTER TONES IN MODERN MUSIC

IN *Nakanune*, a Bolshevik newspaper, published at Berlin in the Russian language, Ivan Vyshnegradskii, a Russian musical critic who was well-known even before the Revolution, describes as 'a musical revolution' a concert in which quarter-tone music receives its first formal and extended introduction to the European world. The step from half to quarter tone is obvious enough, and repeated experiments have been made with it in the Occident. In the Orient, of course, it has been familiar for generations. But a concert wholly devoted to music employing the new interval and played on ordinary stringed instruments is a new thing under the sun.

The Berlin concert may not be quite so 'revolutionary' as M. Vyshnegradskii thinks, though if it is ever generally adopted an overhauling of the modern form of the pianoforte will be necessary. Stringed instruments are capable of any interval now, if only the performer be trained to play them; and it is worth noting that the Berlin experimenters contented themselves with new music and did not endeavor to devise novel instruments for its use. All German innovators have not been quite so conservative. Wagner enriched the orchestra with numerous instruments, — at least he added them, — but he let the scale alone. The modern French school long ago began its now familiar liberties with the old diatonic scale, and last come the experiments which M. Vyshnegradskii thus describes:—

'The first concert of quarter-tone music took place in Berlin in November — an event not only in Berlin's musical life but in the music of the world. Admission was limited to members of the

musical circles, representatives of the entire Berlin press, men of science, representatives of different ministries, and so forth. Such a measure was deemed necessary to preclude the otherwise unavoidable whistles and noises from unapproving listeners, and to give the audience a fair chance to listen to and analyze the performance. For the same reason the quartette of Alois Haba, a young Czech composer, was the only number on the programme, and was performed twice.

'The problem of quarter-tone music has been discussed in Europe for years. The question was studied most assiduously in Germany, where Richard Stein published in 1906 two cello pieces where quarter tones were occasionally used ad libitum. He also built a quarter-tone clarinet, but his attempts found no approval. In 1917, again, Mellendorff built a quarter-tone harmonium and wrote a pamphlet about, and five small pieces of quarter-tone music for, the harmonium. He made a concert and lecture tour of Germany. Similar work had been done at that time also by the organist Mager. Busoni, the pianist, wrote a pamphlet where he proposes a subtler division of the octave; but he advocated third tones instead of quarter tones, which would be much more difficult in practice, although theoretically as acceptable as quarter tones. I myself wrote no small number of pieces of quarter-tone music for piano, violin, cello, and voice.

'The coming of the quarter-tone music seems to answer a psychological necessity in the musical world, for it seems to be a result of the crisis which is apparent in all the branches of today's cultural and social life.

'The concert was preceded by Professor Schöneman's lecture. He told, among other things, about the exotic Oriental scales. Oriental melodies and dances were given upon the phonograph. The lecturer pointed out the all-important difference between the European quarter tone and the quarter tone in the Arab music, which is purely melodic and has no chords of simultaneously sounding tones. Besides, the Arab music never uses a complete scale of twenty-four quarter tones, but merely shifts the existing tones of a half-tone scale chromatically through quarter tones, so as to obtain new tonalities with the same number of tones as in the original one. Some critics have overlooked this and criticized the new movement as a "reversion to the primitive," whereas it really is a new mode of harmonic thought, free from tonality.

Professor Schöneman characterized the classical conception of sound as static and the romantic conception as dynamic: for the romantic a tone incessantly tends to change into another tone; the so-called tendency to dissonances and chromaticism, and, finally, to quarter tones, is a logical consequence of such a conception.

'Haba's quartette is a true work of art, dictated by a creative impulse. Its type is creepingly chromatic. Quarter tones are used abundantly, both chromatically and in larger intervals.

'Each voice is treated individually. There are no outstanding themes, but an impression is received that there are no themes in music, but only an incessantly moving, flowing element. At the same time, each idea is clearly impressed. It is very characteristic of this dynamic counterpoint that there is hardly a single halt upon a chord. There are only two chords in the whole quartette.

'The performers — Havemann's Quartette — are above all praise.'

RUMMAGING IN THE HAPSBURG ARCHIVES

STUDENTS of history and genealogy in Vienna are gayly rummaging in the secret archives of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, which, although hitherto carefully guarded, have at last been thrown open. So rich is the material that one group of students has found it necessary to establish a weekly magazine of its own in order to publish summaries of what it found. In addition to a great deal of material shedding light on European diplomatic history, the archives have given up a good deal that is of perhaps less importance but of vivid human interest. Among these are certificates of ennoblement presented by the Emperor to his favorites. These are bound in plush and gilt, bear the royal signature and seal, and are still of value as examples of illuminators' art, though their social value has sadly fallen.

A number of the certificates were bestowed on figures of artistic importance in European history. Among those that have been found, is one conferred upon Goethe by the Emperor Joseph II, who was then the chief representative of enlightened absolutism in Europe. The German poet was granted an escutcheon with a silver star on a blue field. Up to that time the Goethe family, although of patrician rank, was not noble, and the grant carried with it rights that even the author of *Faust* might have found desirable. Another certificate was issued to Schiller at about the same time. Two reasons are given for this honor. The Austrian Emperor regarded him with approval as 'a generally known writer,' but seemed to regard another fact as of equal importance: the grant adds that 'Schiller is of excellent German parentage, and his father was killed as a sergent in the Seven Years' War.'

In 1859 the Emperor Franz-Joseph ennobled Franz Liszt, who was of Hungarian origin and who was bitterly attacked by Heine for alleged servility toward the Austrian Court.



THE ETERNAL WATERWORKS

THE solidity and enduring quality of Roman masonry have been a proverb for generations. That they may be put to modern uses is not so familiar an idea, in spite of occasional instances. Most remarkable of these is the present employment, by the Department of Public Works in Palestine, of the reservoirs built during the Roman régime to supply Jerusalem with water.

The Pools of Solomon — which have nothing to do with that monarch except that they are located near the Gardens named for him — were constructed by Roman engineers to supply a population that must have been much the size of that which occupies the Holy Land to-day. They consist of three large reservoirs with a total capacity of 40,500,000 gallons, and are situated about eight miles from the capital. Two have been cleaned out, the leaks that have developed during centuries of disuse have been stopped up, and — presto! — Jerusalem has waterworks as modern as the heart of an engineer could desire.

Even the surface aqueduct and tunnels that the Romans left have been repaired and are in use, connecting the pools with their source of supply, a large spring rising in the cavern called Bir Darash. The latter operation required the removal of a huge quantity of silt and stones.



AN ARTIST STEPS UP

In the London *Daily Telegraph* appears an amusing anecdote — with several morals — about an artist, an

etching, and an art dealer. The combination suggests tragedy, but for once the dealer is the victim. What the artist is, would be a hard thing to determine. At least he is the hero of the story.

His name is suppressed, though it seems too bad to deny him such an excellent and — by every test — deserved piece of advertising. But let the *Telegraph's* Paris correspondent tell his own tale in his own way.

The artist, having decided to do a little photographic work, exchanged one of his pictures for an old camera. Some time afterwards, he saw this picture of his in an art dealer's window signed 'Whistler.' He entered, and learned that the price was 150,000 francs. On hearing this figure he said, 'It is impossible; that is one of my own pictures.' There ensued a short and somewhat pointed conversation, in which the art dealer invited the artist to try to be funny elsewhere, since the picture in question had been guaranteed at a close examination by an acknowledged expert as a genuine Whistler. The artist continued to protest that he had not only painted it, but had exchanged it for an old camera, so that the dealer eventually summoned him to leave the premises or be handed over to the police. The artist complained to the police himself, and was able to prove the truth of his assertion. The art dealer, faced with the loss of so much money, could only sue the expert who had guaranteed the work. There the affair rests for the moment until the dealer and expert settle their differences in the law courts. Meanwhile, the artist has material for reflection in the fact that the work which he modestly deemed a fair exchange for a second-hand camera has been appraised by an expert at so many thousands of francs.



CZECHOSLOVAK UNIVERSITIES

With a college professor for president and a doctor of philosophy for minister of foreign affairs — and until recently for premier — it is no wonder Czecho-

slovakia is the best-governed state in Central Europe. Neither is it any wonder that it has speedily set about the establishment of universities.

When independence was achieved, but one Czech university existed, that at Prague, where in 1882 the German University had been split in two and a Czech institution set up. Under the Austrian régime this was all that the government allowed the subject people.

In the London *Times* appears an interesting description of the effort to set up a national culture and to foster scholarship:—

Two of these new universities have already begun their work. That at Bratislava, formerly Pressburg, an important station on the Danube, is as yet only providing instruction in two or three faculties. The other, Masaryk University in Brno (Brünn), the capital of Moravia, is already in the fourth year of its official existence; although tuition was only actually begun last year.

The creation of a full-blown Slavonic university in Brno is an event of no small significance. Before the war the town was fully half German, and the cultural life, especially, almost entirely Teutonic. Even to-day, when the Czech element is steadily increasing at the expense of the German, the visitor still feels that it is, more than less, a German town.

In violent contrast to Prague, where there is not a word of anything but Bohemian to be seen anywhere in the place, and where the German population forms a comparatively furtive five per cent of the whole, Brno conducts its business almost perfectly bilingually. Except for the names of the streets, official notices, and announcements of purely Czech activities, everything is given in both languages, which are also spoken by the people absolutely indifferently.

Now Brno is the centre of the life of over a thousand students, the overwhelming majority of whom — ninety-six per cent — are Czechs. They are being instructed by a large staff of lecturers, all, of course, of their own nationality. The effect of such a concentration is not difficult to foresee; it is surely only a question of time before the German culture, which at present simply ignores the new Czech culture which is growing up so rapidly at its side, is irretrievably submerged. It is but the swinging of the pendulum.

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SAVING AUSTRALIA'S FAUNA

A FEW weeks ago we noticed in these columns the problems faced by the friends of the rapidly vanishing wild life of Africa. Better news comes from Australia, where a large sanctuary for animals and wild flowers has recently been established on Kangaroo Island. The area of the reserve is 163 square miles, in addition to which the Government has purchased nine thousand acres in the Rocky River district, which will be known as Flinders Chase, in honor of the Australian navigator and explorer, Captain Matthew Flinders.

Two of the most important animals, which are rapidly vanishing but which the new reserve will probably enable to maintain themselves, are the Spiny Echidna and the Duck-billed Platypus, those strange links between the mammals and the lower vertebrates. The little gray kangaroo, the wombat, and the wallaby, are other animals that will find their last refuge on Kangaroo Island, which is said to have been the home of one of the last specimens of the now extinct emu.

BOOKS ABROAD

The New Boswell, by R. M. Freeman. London: John Lane, 1922. 6s. 6d.

[*Morning Post*]

Is the modern generation failing to appreciate the worth and learning of Doctor Johnson? Mr. R. M. Freeman, who was one of the authors of Samuel Pepys Junior's *A Diary of the Great War*, seeks to give in *The New Boswell* the opinions of the famous Doctor on matters of interest to this generation. Doctor Johnson is in Elysium, talking as he used to on earth with his familiar friends, Boswell, Goldsmith, Reynolds, and Wilkes.

When our hero discusses modern novelists he is more human. He sums up Mr. H. G. Wells admirably in the phrase, 'If only the rascal would keep his hands off God and the Bishops, I should have little to say against him; for, in spite of his bad theology, he writes good novels.' He defends Kipling against the charge of lack of refinement, and declares that Mr. Arnold Bennett's work should be appreciated for its 'guts.'

Mr. Freeman has given us a most entertaining book, perhaps a little hard on the tradition of the great man, but full of humorous appreciation of his foibles. They must have been many.

French Parties and Politics, by Roger H. Soltau. London and New York: Oxford University Press, 1922. 2s. 6d.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

MR. SOLTAU is lecturer in French history and institutions at Leeds University, and his contribution to the capital little series is well worth study at the present moment. The main issues which dominate French politics to-day he finds to be the religious problem — the difficulty of reconciling Republic and Catholic ideals — the problem of industrial organization, and foreign affairs, particularly Franco-German relations. There is a short bibliography.

The German Mind, by Fanny Johnson. London: Chapman and Dodd, 1922. 10s. 6d.

[*Outlook*]

IN intention this volume is excellent, for it aims at a study of the German mind as expressed in literature between 1870 and 1914. There are also two chapters on the post-war period. The author believes that the time has come for both Englishmen and Germans 'to examine with care each other's self-portraiture.' It always makes

for understanding between nations when there is real knowledge of their respective literatures. Perhaps one of the principal reasons for the increasing friendship between England and America is the constant interchange of books. Contemporary German literature was practically unknown in England before the war, and such books as were translated were not necessarily representative. The mass of literature produced in Germany was tremendous, and this book is a general survey of the innumerable writers, great and small. The author's approach is usually sympathetic and the presentation fair. In execution, however, the book leaves much to be desired. It is often sketchy, and the text seems more like notes for a syllabus of lectures than a carefully thought-out work. At the end of each chapter are notes which it is not always easy to fit in with the body of the text.

Le Voyage de M. Renan, by André Thérive. Paris: Bernard Grasset, 1922. 6fr. 75.

[*Le Livre des Livres*]

ERNEST RENAN possesses a double in the person of Antoine Pugeat, an unfrocked priest who has set up as a small bookseller near the Collège de France. The great man takes advantage of this similarity from motives of gain and of pride. Antoine Pugeat will take his place in the formal part of life — funerals, prize-givings, the dedication of statues. He will even take his place on a distant voyage in quest of a sacred stone. This clever story, vividly told, enables André Thérive to sketch in a portrait which is undoubtedly very like Renan.

Shorter Lyrics of the Twentieth Century, 1900-1922. Selected, with a Foreword, by W. H. Davies. London: Poetry Bookshop, 1922. 5s.

[*To-Day*]

THIS is a most acceptable volume and deserves widespread appreciation. It is at once an admirable anthology and an individual opinion on recent shorter lyrics by our greatest living master of that kind of poetry. The word 'individual' is used deliberately, because Mr. Davies is a man apart. He has many friends, but he does not herd either with cliques or mobs. His mind and his judgment are his own — like his poems. The result is that rare thing, an excellent individual anthology — an anthology which is a work of art as well as a garland of verses — a treasury and a treasure. All sorts of poets not usually anthologized are admitted and they nearly al-

ways fit into the scheme as appropriately as 'Sally in our Alley' fits into Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*.

'My object in making this selection,' he says in his frank preface, 'is to produce a book on every page of which is a thing of beauty or interest.' He has succeeded. The 'Foreword,' by the way, is as unique as the author's poetry. It has sly humor and shrewd malice, both very pleasing. Here are a few phrases which may be taken as appetizers: 'I am not a fastidious book-worm, for there is probably not another author living who knows less about books.' 'An artist's friends are his enemies, as far as his work is concerned, and his real enemies are his best friends.' 'Patriotic poetry has been purposely avoided. . . . I am determined not to run the risk of being offered a knighthood.' 'The life of a Professor is usually a series of mistakes.' He has no objection to free verse, but 'most people who are using it are not poets at all.' He only includes one of his own poems, and says, 'I am not cunning enough to leave my own work out altogether, to have a chorus of voices complain of the omission.' Finally, 'the worst poets have charged the highest fees for the use of their work.'

Meteorology, by A. E. M. Geddes. London: Blackie and Son, Ltd., 1922. 21s.

[E. N. Da C. Andrade in *London Mercury*]

EVEN with all the modern resources at its disposal, meteorology is not able to boast of many simple laws and successful generalizations: it of necessity lacks the exactness which characterizes the other great science which cannot be studied in the laboratory, astronomy. This is probably the reason why, while there exist many little handbooks giving the methods of observation and a few maps, there is no standard English textbook on the subject: it is hard to write a long connected account of a study so full of uncertainties and empiricisms. Mr. A. E. M. Geddes, O.B.E., has attempted something more ambitious than the average little book, and I may say at once that in two respects his work is admirable—the production and the illustrations. There are excellent and well-reproduced photographs of the recording instruments, including the simplified forms used in the small test balloons (*ballons-sondes*) employed for investigating the upper atmosphere; of cloud forms; of lightning flashes; and of what I may, perhaps, call weather landscapes. One beautiful photograph shows a passing shower, with a well-recorded rainbow: I mention this because there exists, apparently, a superstition, whose origin is unknown to me, that a rainbow cannot be caught on the photographic plate. Some colored illustrations have been made from admirable pictures by Mr. G. A. Clarke representing phenomena comparatively

little known to the ordinary observer, such as the lunar halo and the zodiacal and the purple light.

The text itself gives a general account of the instruments and methods of measurement, of the observed regularities of pressure and of temperature with both time and place, the circulation of the atmosphere, general weather forecasting, and such like. It devotes chapters to atmospheric electricity, atmospheric optics, and (what is more unusual) atmospheric acoustics. The last-named chapter would be more valuable if, instead of offering information on the principles and instruments of sound-ranging, it gave a little more about the zones of silence observed with gunfire and explosions. I must temper my praise of the book by stating that it is not particularly well written, that its omissions are many, and its grave mistakes not a few.

A Dictionary of the Printers and Booksellers who were at work in England, Scotland, and Ireland from 1668 to 1725. London: Bibliographical Society, 1922.

[*London Mercury*]

THE Bibliographical Society has rendered to its members, and to scholars in general, a great service by printing *A Dictionary of the Printers and Booksellers who were at work in England, Scotland, and Ireland from 1668 to 1725*. This fine book has been compiled by Mr. Henry R. Plomer, with the help of Messrs. H. G. Aldis, E. R. McC. Dix, G. J. Gray, and R. B. McKerrrow, under the editorship of Mr. Arundell Esdaile.

Three events-of-great importance to the book trade happened during the period covered by this Dictionary, the expiration of the 1662 Licensing Act in 1695, the paper and pamphlet duties of 1696 and 1713, and the Copyright Act of 1709. The most significant thing about Mr. Plomer's book is that it marks a period in the systematic study of the English book trade, in that it is, I fancy, the first attempt to deal with the eighteenth-century printers and publishers.

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BOOKS ANNOUNCED

MEYNELL, ALICE. *A School of Poetry*. London: Collins, 1923. A new anthology of poetry for children, completed by Mrs. Meynell only a short time before her death. There are notes on the various poems from her own pen. It will probably be published in the Spring.

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BOOKS MENTIONED

MOLTKE, GENERAL OBERST HELMUTH VON. *Erinnerungen, Briefe, Dokumente*, edited by his widow. Berlin: Der Kommende Tag Verlag, 1922.

NEWMAN, ERNEST. *The Piano-Player and Its Music*. London: Grant Richards, 1921. 6s.

THIS WEEK

THE seal of authority is definitely stamped on the political statements of Giovanni Giolitti. The *Living Age* prints in this issue some characteristic excerpts from his memoirs, which include thumb-nail portraits of Crispi and the Kaiser, as well as an account of the diplomatic dickerings that preceded Italy's entrance into the War. In connection with this article, it is especially interesting to read 'Chaos,' an account of Austria's disintegration and collapse in 1918. The contrast between the powerful Empire of 1914 and the pitiful Republic of 1923 can thus be brought vividly to mind.

★ ★ ★

Archæology has a perpetual fascination for many people. But the general reader, too, will welcome the account of Pompeii in 1922 that we print this week. It is a close description of modern methods and their results.

★ ★ ★

Although Pasteur's contribution to humanity is chiefly scientific, his personality and achievement have powerfully impressed men of artistic sensitiveness. The biography of Pasteur by Vallery-Radot is a literary classic, and it is quite appropriate that its author should write this sketch, commemorating the centenary of the great scientist's birth.

★ ★ ★

'A Spanish Memory' recalls the political confusion of Spain half a century ago, when a temporary Republic had been established. Whether any modern moral lurks between the lines is a debatable subject, and a rather idle one. The outstanding facts are the accuracy of the picture and its vividness.

★ ★ ★

Descriptions of two vastly different court scenes appear this week. 'The Boy-Emperor's Wedding' shows us the Imperial splendor of Chinese Royalty. 'A Portrait Painter's Memories' depicts the tremendous impressiveness of the Vatican, when it was dominated by the figure of Pope Leo XIII.

★ ★ ★

A story from the pen of a Turkish woman may be a new experience to some of our readers, and the almost Boccaccian device by which an ingenious wife diverts the jealousy of her husband from an innocent visitor will arouse a chuckle from the ranks of the sophisticated.

★ ★ ★

'Coleridge and the Morning Post' gives some new information about one of the greatest English poets. In the light of that estimable journal's present conservatism, there is a certain irony in the fact that editorials by the radical young Coleridge once adorned its pages.



THE LIVING AGE

for NEXT WEEK

WILL CONTAIN AMONG OTHER THINGS

- | | |
|---|------------------------|
| FRANCE'S NEEDS AND EUROPE'S DANGER
<i>An Ex-Premier on the Crisis</i> | Joseph Caillaux |
| WOULD FRANCE RUIN GERMANY?
<i>Her War Aims and Current Policies</i> | Theodor Wolff |
| CHRISTMAS AT BREST-LITOVSK
<i>Selections from a Diary</i> | A Peace Negotiator |
| WALT WHITMAN AND GERMAN POETRY
<i>The Poet as the People's Voice</i> | Otto Zarek |
| LETTERS AT SEA | Rabindranath Tagore |
| THE LIPŒ PEASANTS FIGHT THE SQUIRE'S MEN
<i>An Episode from a Polish Novel</i> | W. S. Reymont |
| SEMI-FOREIGN | Rodney Gilbert |
| MATTHEW ARNOLD AS A PROPHET
<i>A Centenary Estimate</i> | C. H. Herford |
| THE BALZAC NOVEL PRIZE
<i>A First Award to Struggling Merit</i> | Louis de Mondadon |
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<i>What He Was and Why He Is Vanishing</i> | Godfrey Locker-Lampson |

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